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THE PARENT AND CHILD.

A SERMON. BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. — I. SAMUEL iii. 13.

IT was in the days of the judges of Israel, while yet the lamp of the divine presence burned in the temple, and lighted the steps of the youthful Samuel in the ways of virtue and piety, that this solemn message came to the aged Eli, himself a priest and judge in the land, threatening evil to him and his house, because he neglected to bring up his sons in the faithful discipline of sobriety and obedience. Yet this seems to have been his only fault ; for he was, in his general character, a good and religious man. And his sons, doubtless, received the education due to the children of a person so distinguished. It was only the element of right discipline at *home* that was wanting. It was the father's easiness and indulgence, that wrought his children's ruin. And even *he* did not neglect to give them good counsels ; for " he said unto them, Why do ye such things ? For I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear." But " he restrained them not : " he did not make them obey. And the threatened calamity fell upon them, —

fell upon the whole house. The day came when a messenger arrived from a battle with the Philistines, and said to Eli, "Israel hath fled before the Philistines, and there hath been a great slaughter among the people; and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phineas, are dead; and the ark of God is taken." And the old man himself fell dead at the word. And so it is ever in the world, and ever will be, that, under the decadence of family discipline, parent and child, family and country, all sink to ruin.

You might have expected, from this introduction, that I was about to speak of this decadence of discipline. I am willing, indeed, to point to it as one of the alarming facts of our time; but I shall speak of it only incidentally, in some larger discourse upon the general relation of parent and child. And my purpose, therefore, is not to keep precisely to the story of Eli, nor very strictly to make an application of it: it will rather give me the hint to some general observations which I wish to make, upon parental care and the filial return. I am sensible of the magnitude and delicacy of the subject: and therefore I would rather hint things to you, in general, than lay them down *ex cathedra*, and in detail, — more proper, perhaps, for books or treatises. There are, however, two leading thoughts, which will give a direction to what it is my mind to say. The one is, that the parent, and not somebody else, is the real educator of his child: the other is, that the child is as much a debtor to his parent, as if he were not his child, — as if it were some other person who had adopted him and trained him for life.

The parent then, and not somebody else, — not the master or teacher, — mainly educates his child. There are exceptions, but this is the law. It was Eli who was called in question for the misconduct of his sons.

What *is* education? It is that mass of influences that forms the character. Now, it is not mainly masters or teachers, books or lessons, nor even parental counsels or exhortations, which do that; but the mind, the manners, the spirit, that inward life at home, which is breathed out into all around.

We have not yet got over a kind of superstitious respect

for the book. Once a costly manuscript, and afterwards the product of the wonder-working press, the book has acquired, I think, a factitious importance with us. The time was, when everything in *print*, was deemed to be *true*. And still, what is in print, if not true, is invested with an artificial consideration. Hence lessons read in books, and recited from them, have usurped almost the whole idea of education. Nay; and the mechanical scholar, who studies without analyzing them, commits them to memory without understanding, and recites them equally without mistake and without reflection, is accounted a great proficient; and, though this burthen of "words, words," is dropped at the school-house door when the pupil leaves it, he is considered as carrying away a fine education. The child, we say—that is the constant phrase—goes to *school* to be educated; and we forget that he is infinitely more educated at home; that home penetrates and possesses him more than the school, even when he is *at* school. We say that *we* are disqualified from educating him,—we can't teach languages and philosophy,—and we forget that we do far more deeply educate him. We give much money for his training; but we fail, perhaps, to give thought, and attention and time to it.

Of course I do not mean to undervalue the education of the schools. It needs to be carried much farther, and to penetrate much deeper: this especially is what it wants now,—to be more thorough. But there is something that goes far beyond this, and does far more to mold the mind and heart. The commanding power over the youthful mind, is character. The book from which it will take its deepest lessons, is the book of observation. The studies that never tire, are the events that are taking place every day in the circle of childhood's pursuits and pleasures. The schools where there are *no* dull learners, are gathered around our own firesides. And the masters—yes, the masters of the mind—are parents.

We are always making a grand mistake—in fact I think there is none greater made in life—in the comparison of direct with indirect, of visible with invisible, influences. There is a thing in every house which we seem never to think of;

the greatest, the most remarkable thing in it, — plate and gold, pictures and statues, are nothing in the comparison : it is *character*, that quick, keen, penetrating influence that molds and sways everything around it.

"Education, it is often observed," says Mrs. Barbauld, "is an expensive thing. It is so," she adds ; "but the paying for lessons, is a small part of the cost. If you would go to the price of having your son a worthy man, you must be so yourself." This consideration not only carries us beyond school-lessons, but beyond all other lessons. A man may deliver precepts from morning to night ; he may become a sort of perpetual domestic lecturer ; and — not to say that it is not likely to do much good any way — it will certainly be of no avail if his life and spirit run counter to his teaching. His manners will speak louder than his words. His tastes, principles, preferences, dislikes, and aims, will have more influence than all the fine precepts that ever were written or uttered.

Let us consider this a moment. A parent wishes his child to be frank, ingenuous, and true-hearted, and always to speak the truth. So doubtless he exhorts him. "Above all things," he says, "my child, tell the truth." But does he always tell the truth himself? Is his very character truth? and is his whole course a manly sincerity? Does he use no concealment for the purpose of managing his child, and put on no appearances to mislead others? Is he *not* one who urges his company to stay, and shows that he is glad when they are gone? Is he *not* one who minces his speech, and ever cuts and trims it to suit occasions? Is he a man from whose lips truth breaks out with uncalculating sincerity? If not, his character, spite of all protestations to the contrary, must weigh heavily in the wrong scale.

Or he wishes his child to be manly and high-minded in character, to be too intellectual and noble to value men for anything but their worth. It is perhaps a favorite adage with him, "Worth makes the man ; and want of it, the fellow : " and he says, "Remember that, my child." But how can he look for the desired effect to follow, if he is always, by his own manners, paying homage to wealth and distinction ; if he is

always speaking with an air of deference of people of condition ; or, what amounts to the same thing, if he is often speaking of the same persons with a tone of studied complaint and disparagement, thereby giving them the same undue importance.

It were easy to extend the detail, but it is not necessary perhaps. Gentleness only can be expected to make the child gentle. Passionate correction will not produce true submission. An out-breathed reverence and piety, that fill the house with their incense, can alone imbue the household with that spirit. Our wild religious excitements spring from a defect here. The want of early nurture it is, that prepares for later extravagance. It is left to a stranger to do the work of the parent, though doubtless it is better that it be done so than never done. And so a reverent, determined, self-governed spirit only, can govern others. The true governor must himself be obedient. Laxity produces laxity, and a harsh and capricious severity leads to wildness. A staid and serious discipline never sent out such precocious monsters in the shape of children, as we see in the streets of many of our cities and villages,—ay, and in place above the street. How often, on passing a group of little boys, do you hear an oath, or meet with some incivility, or a rush that makes you find it convenient to get out of the way ! Our easiness and indulgence are like Eli's, and will bring upon us some like catastrophe, if they are not exchanged for the firm hand of discipline.

Nay, so vital is everything in the household, that even negations there become positive ; and parental neglect and reserve may be almost as fatal, as bad temper or bad conduct.

There are not wanting instances where such forbidding reserve, or mere isolation, has infused an ingredient into the cup of young life, that has had power, like some chemical compounds, to chill and freeze. Here, perhaps, is the greatest peril of our eager, engrossing business-life, or studious-life. Parents do not spend the *time* with their children that they formerly did ; and to *one* of their parents, at least, children are liable to grow up as strangers in his own house. I

have heard men say, in some of our great cities, that "they should not *know* their children, if it were not for Sunday." In short, I am satisfied that many parents must look more at home than they have done; more to the improvement of home; more to the happiness, the cheerfulness of home, than they have done,—if they would make their home or their children what they wish. And it is a mental emancipation that is wanted quite as much as a change of habits. A man may not be at home even when his body is there,—his mind may be far away with his business or his studies; his brow may be bent, his very heart sunk, in anxious revery; and how is such mind or heart to shed around it the expanding warmth in which youth joyously basks or freely moves? Depend upon it, we shall find that this excessive absorption in business or study will never do. We shall reap as we have sown,—a harvest we little think of. No nation, no community, ever flourished long, whose children were not trained in the ways of reverence, of obedience, of fidelity to virtue and to heaven.

But this remark leads me to consider parental influence, not only as greater than school-lessons and all other mere teaching, but as rising above everything else, in its power over the character and welfare of the future. Men are *made* parents—put in that *relation*, that they should exert this grand influence; and their solicitude, the greatest felt on earth, is a signal argument for fidelity.

There are certain signs in every family—I think I know them—that prefigure the destiny of its children. It is not being rich or poor, being high or low, that writes the story of the future. It is often said that great *wealth* is sure to bring decline or decay upon the second or third generation that possess it: but that is not certain, or need not be, though it is too likely to be true. And why is a large fortune so perilous? Because it nurtures the ease, indolence, and self-indulgence, which, if not strictly guarded against, must be fatal. But the absolute evil does not lie in any condition. It is the care or the neglect, the strictness or laxity, the high principles or the low maxims, that rule over a family, which determine the future condition. Look through the world and the

history of the world, and ask from whence its great and shining men have usually come; its richest men, its most learned scholars, its most eminent authors or actors and statesmen. From the bosom of plain, good nurture, of virtuous and reverent discipline, of simple and honest tastes and habits; from walls written over with lessons of duty, industry, sanctity; from the holy altars of truth and piety, they have come. Some revered sire, some strong-hearted, devoted mother, watched the tree — ay, and watered it with tears of prayer — that now towers so high, and waves its branches in the sight of millions, and scatters its germinating seeds all over the land.

I spoke just now of the tendencies of the present competition and urgency in business, to the *neglect* of our children, of their society and education. But one kind of neglect, there, cannot be. No indifference can there be, to their future fortunes. We live in them that are to come after us. What anxious questionings pursue them into that unknown future? What shall it be? we are fain to ask; but we know not. A mingled tissue doubtless; light and shade, joy and sorrow: but in what order and proportion, none can tell; events unlooked for, things trying, and perhaps strange, beyond all human foresight. What questionings indeed hover around the cradle of that mysterious future! "Shall it be well with thee, my child?" the parent asks. "Shall it be ill? O God, forbid! but *shall* it be ill with thee? Shall this sweet face of infancy which I now gaze upon — all pure and gentle now — shall it yet be distorted with fierce passions, or bloated with hideous excess? Shall this clasping hand of infantile and innocent affection, yet become familiar with deeds of dishonor? Shall this very frame which I press to my heart, to shield it from every harm, — O, Heaven! shall it yet be racked with agony? Shall it tremble with fear? Shall it be bowed down with grief or with shame? Shall it yet be crushed to the dust with some nameless calamity?" We know not, we ask in vain.

What then can we do in this dread uncertainty, — what can we do, as we look to all the fearful possibilities and perils of

the future, — but garner up that priceless treasure in the soul, but set up that stable interest in the mind, which shall stand it in stead when all things else change? When the vicissitudes and perils of future life, come upon those thou lovest, *thou* perhaps will not be there, to guide, to strengthen, to comfort them. Alone they must do and bear and suffer. Unraveled will be the mysterious web of mortal sympathies that bound thee; silent the tongue that once spoke counsel to them; closed the eye whose affectionate glance was the star that guided them: they will be alone. But thy fair example, the cheering presence of thy good life, may be there. Thy well-remembered prayer may visit that coming hour, and breathe its blessing, and bear its answer, in the heart of thy child. What a sacred ministration shall this be, even like that of ministering angels, when thou art dead!

But it is time that I should turn, to say a few words of the corresponding relation.

And here I suppose that no one who ever thought of it for one moment, would ask me to say less, concerning the filial obligation, than that it is the strongest of all earthly bonds. Beneath the reverential devotion that we owe to the Supreme Parent, there can be nothing to compare with it. The obligation is not weaker for being filial: it is, for that very reason, the strongest of all obligations. And yet I desire it may be considered whether its being filial, does not tend to weaken the sense of it.

It is a caution, at least, which for my own part I have thought worthy to be cherished. I have feared that we are liable the less to feel what we owe to our parents, because they *are* our parents. That great and beautiful disinterestedness, by which their very being is merged in ours, cheats us out of its very beauty and charm. Children are apt to feel as if they were *entitled* to all the care that is bestowed upon them. They have experienced this care from infancy; and they come to look upon it as a right, as something that so belongs to them that they scarcely owe any correspondent duties. It is so much a matter of course that they should be fed and clothed and watched over, that they are liable to lose all due

consideration of the kindness and care and expense that are lavished upon them. Indeed, how impossible is it that a child should ever understand what he owes to a parent, till he has himself sustained this relation?

But that which the youth cannot understand, which certainly he is liable not to appreciate, let him consider: let him respect and reverence it. I speak not this for the sake of his parents, but for his own sake. *Their* last thought towards him, is probably one of exaction. For his own sake then, for the sake of the beautiful decorum and attractive modesty of youth, let him *reverence* the love which he cannot understand. No memory of his can ever go back to the many days when he was wrapped in the cloud of helpless infancy, and when he was watched over by a tenderness and solicitude as incessant as the breathings of life. No thought of his can ever penetrate the depth of that affection and that prayer, which have been poured out upon his childhood. No imagination of his can ever realize, till he feels it, that indescribable and almost unaccountable emotion, that mystery of love, which identifies a parent's very existence with that of his children; which transfers his very life to them; like the fabled desert bird, —

" Whose beak
Unlocks within the living stream,
To still its famished nestling's scream,
Nor mourns a life transferred to them."

Indeed this is scarcely figure when applied to a mother's love. The life-blood *is* often drawn from the very heart, in the early care of childhood. I have marked how it departed, drop by drop, from the wasting frame and the pale cheek; and I have said, as I looked upon it, "If there be any earthly shrine for human veneration, it is there." Reverence, then, the love which you cannot understand: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Honor them with obedience. The growing insubordination and presumption of the young among us, is a sign so unnatural, so terrible, that, if I did not *see* its evil tendencies, I should instinctively *feel* that it foreboded some great disaster.

This coming of age at seventeen or eighteen, and setting up to lead society, or, in the everyday questions that arise, to act independently, and do what one pleases, is a violation of the primal bond of all *good* society. But the disobedience which we too often witness, the disobedience of a *child*, is especially a wrong, an offense to all fitness of things, painful even to the most ordinary moral sense to contemplate. I feel, when I witness it, as if I were in the presence of some great wickedness. And, when it goes on into life, think what it is; what a wrong to decency, to justice, to all obligation. Why, a *stranger* could not take charge of us, voluntarily supplying all our wants, providing food and raiment, dwelling and education for us, during a course of years, but we should feel that we could never be too attentive to his wishes. And let me add that a reluctant, enforced, sullen, and passionate submission is not obedience.

Perhaps I have said enough; and I would not that any young mind should be wearied with exhortation by *me*. And it is with no pulpit authority and no pulpit tone that I speak; but with a manly concern, with frank earnestness, just as I would speak to you in the street or by the fireside. And, so speaking, I feel that there is one thing further, which I must not omit, beyond reverence, beyond obedience; and that is, as the only satisfactory return to be made to our parents, a virtuous and honorable life. This, to their feelings, will repay the mighty debt; and, without this, nothing can. Let your life then, permit me to say, let your reputation, give joy to those who have watched over you from your infancy, with this one hope, that you *would* thus reward their care.

The thought of having pained any human being, must, to a generous mind, be full of affliction. But if you must be a cause of grief to any unhappy being on earth; if you must somewhere strike a cruel blow,—in mercy to *yourself*, strike any but a parricidal blow. Inflict any sting but that which is sharper than a serpent's tooth,—filial ingratitude. Break not thy mother's heart by thy follies and vices. Bring not thy father's gray hairs with sorrow down to the grave. Beware, for thy own sake. Save thyself from that curse of curses,—a

mother's anguish, a father's lamentation that ever thou wast born. Let not the voice that has cherished and caressed thee yet break out in bitterness like David's, saying, "O my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee! Would that thou thyself hadst died in the day of infancy, — the day of innocence!" Ah! believe me, my young friend, there never can go up to heaven, an accusing cry more terrible for thee than this. Never let it ascend from a broken-hearted parent. But let the voice that has encouraged and cheered you and guided you into life — let that voice still say, at your noble, generous, and virtuous conduct, — still say, while good deeds surround your name like a diadem of honor, — "It is well, my son! my child! it is well: blessings upon thee, my son! my noble child! blessings from the Father of all be upon thee forever!"

EVENING SONG.

GENTLY in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest:
Earth is hushed to soft repose,
While the sky in splendor glows.

Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease,
As yon gorgeous western sun
When his daily course is run!

And when sets life's latest sun,
And our course of years is run,
Earth we'll leave in peace and love,
Finding glory there above.

CHURCH ORGANS, CHURCH CHOIRS,
AND CHURCH CHORALS.*

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

WHEN the heart of man speaks to God, speech becomes song. If we cannot so speak for ourselves, others must speak for us. Our reverence, our devout thankfulness, our penitence, our faith, hope, and love, can be said only when they are sung. The Gentiles had their hymns to the gods, the children of the promises lifted their psalms to the God of gods, and, when the Father of angels and of men bringeth his well-beloved into the world, songs of angels wait upon his appearing, the holy mother magnifies the Lord in a hymn of joy, and Christianity is, from first to last, a service of tuneful praise. So the Roman magistrate reports to the Roman emperor of the assemblies of Christian worshipers, for which the people in his province were rapidly forsaking the temples of the ancient gods, that they sang hymns to Christ. It is but an eccentricity which can find no delight and no help in the songs of the sanctuary. So far from ruling out melody from the church, as a few extremists have done, I should be ready to say that the best part of spoken Christianity is what can be breathed out in numbers. The hymn-books will outlast the catechisms. If you wish to have your creed live, you must get it sung in the churches. The hymn-book is the best of liturgies. Is any doubtful, let him sing psalms; and, as the heart utters itself in praise or litany, faith shall take the place of doubt, and we shall believe more than we can see, more than we can define, more than we defend with the weapons of our logic. Moreover our praises and our litanies and our prophesyings demand more than the human

* These few words were suggested by the first use of a new German Organ in First Church, Boston. They met with a hearty response from choir and congregation, and may perhaps be of service to those who are striving to improve our church-music.

voice, wonderful and best instrument though it be. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. "Praise the Lord with the harp, sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings." Let the skillful artist, using in God's service the wisdom which God hath given him, gather all pipes and harps into one many-voiced organ, that the air of the sanctuary may vibrate in unison with the deepest emotions of man's heart, reverence, which stands veiled before the mystery of Divine Being; penitence, casting itself upon the mercy of God in Christ; faith, hope, and charity, struggling to express in earthly sounds their heavenly dreams and visions. Far back in the Christian ages, — even as far back, it is said, as the days of St. Augustine, — you will find the church-organ, in its rudiments at least. Christianity demanded it, and it came; in compass and completeness answering to the noble cathedrals which grew into majesty and beauty, we can hardly tell how. There have been times, indeed, when serious and discerning persons looked upon the instrument with anxiety and suspicion, as threatening the simplicity and sincerity of Christian worship; and there have been times when a zeal not according to knowledge has moved men to destroy and cast it out from the house of prayer: but it is soon found that the Christianity which will make no melody can be as formal and unfruitful as any, and that to silence the voices of the organ is by no means to make audible the voices of the spirit. We may have the accompaniments of worship without the worship; but this should only admonish us to use earnestly and wisely what was meant to be a help. "Organ" is but the Greek name for "instrument." The organ is the instrument. Well may it take this name to itself, to the exclusion of all other instruments. How wondrously does it speak to our sense of the unsearchable mystery of our life in God! How joyfully do the multitude of its voices praise the Lord for us! With what tenderness and sweetness, as from human lips, does it entreat us in our sadness to be comforted! And how, with jubilant tones, doth it prophesy of the kingdom of truth and love for which our weary world waits! Let it minister in all these ways to

our heart of hearts. Let it do the work for which it is so admirably fitted.

A few words about the way after which the organ can best be made to render divine service, and upon the function of the church choir, and their relation to the other worshipers, may be seasonable.

1. The organ must not be a private luxury. Its excellence must be an invitation to the multitude. Not as when sweet notes steal out upon the air of the street from some private dwelling, and we should not dream of entering, this voice must peal out what is written upon the portals of the house of prayer. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." Come into the shelter of the altar, and let your hearts flow together and be uplifted together upon the waves of holy sound, and confess the one Lord and the one faith, and be baptized into the one spirit. It must not be the fault of the congregation if the organ does not minister freely and frequently in services of prayer and praise to as many as the walls of this house can contain. It will do men good to come and sing and pray together, though the preacher's lesson should be of the shortest, especially if he has already had an opportunity to deliver the week's message. Not looking every man on his own things, but every man on the things of another, let the organ be dedicated; giving to all who will come, of every condition, the best, what costs something, and not the merest leavings of Christian feasts.

2. Again, in the church service, organ and choir must not be allowed to silence all voices of praise from the congregation. There is no occasion for the antagonism which exists between the advocates of choirs and of congregational singing. There is a place for both methods. In the worship of one of the old Hebrew sects, the opening service of song was rendered by the most gifted singer of the congregation, who was followed by the whole body of worshipers arranged into two choirs,—the one of men, the other of women,—whilst the whole company of worshipers joined to lift the final psalm. There are moral and spiritual effects from sacred song, which can be reached only when a few gifted and well-trained sing-

ers lift their voices together : sometimes one voice will best make its way to the heart without any companionship. Provided the music be genuine church-music, it cannot possibly be too rich and refined : it will help, and not hinder, all else in the ministrations that is really helpful, it will prepare the heart of the worshiper to pray, and open the hearer's ear. It is an aid which the preacher may well covet. But, beside this, in every public service of religion there should be a provision for song from the whole congregation, praising together, as they pray together. Whatever may be said of the deficiencies of congregational singing, of its tendency to die down to a few voices, and those not the most melodious, of the limitations to which it is necessarily subject, of the inevitable sacrifice of sweetness and delicacy to mere volume of sound, there can be no possible objection to it as a part of the service of praise : nay, it would seem that all who can sing must be somehow, and to some extent, permitted and encouraged to sing. It is a right which the congregation should not renounce. How else can they free their hearts ? How else can they come into one spirit ? How else can they testify against the fatal notion of a worship by substitution ? In a portion of the psalms and hymns, the organ and the choir should only lead the people ; and on this account, as on every other account, the choir should be part and parcel of the congregation, ministering and ministered unto, dwelling with them in friendliest relations, finding in the church a religious home, to which they come, not as public functionaries, but as worshipers, to contribute most essentially to the means of religious enjoyment and religious edification. Ministers and congregations complain of choirs : choirs have quite as much cause to complain of congregations and ministers, that they are at no adequate pains to graft them into the church, and make them know and feel that their efforts to be a true voice of the people, in their glad and solemn service, are gratefully recognized. If *all* the singing of our worship cannot be done by *all* the congregation, and until some of us are more gifted than we are now, this is out of the question : *none* of the singing should be done by any who are *not* of the congregation,

or who at least are kept from Christian fellowship by any indifference or coldness on the part of Christians. Let us be one household through a genuine interest in one another ; and, though there be diversities of gifts and varieties of function, let us be animated and bound together by one spirit, and they who bring the psalm shall be esteemed and honored as well as they who bring the doctrine.

It is on all hands acknowledged to be a perplexing subject, this of music in our churches,—as perplexing quite as the subject of preaching in our churches ; and in the one case as in the other, simply because the popular demand has outgrown the supply, because what contented our fathers does not content us, because every congregation must have a cathedral for its place of prayer, a Bossuet for its preacher, and for its choir a *maestro* and a *prima donna*. Of course such huge demands lead us into endless difficulties, calling for much patience, good sense, forbearance, charity ; but, after all, abiding and sufficient relief can come only as we strive to be more and more conformed to the idea and spirit of Christian worship. There is no law but the law of spiritual life which can make us free. The spirit, only let it abound, will correct all that is faulty in method, and bring in a fashion of its own, and displace with genuine sentiment all that is merely sensational, and drive all mere hucksters out of the temple of God, and no part of the worship shall be more genuine than the service of song.

And in these times, which in the light of Christianity are felt to be so exacting, we have work to do for God, that calls for the utmost fervor of spirit. We gather here, not merely to enjoy the emotions of the hour,—emotions that will be roused with more and more difficulty with each fresh appeal,—we come to be inspired for service, which what is called divine service only symbolizes and prepares us for ; we want to take to our homes, and out into our world, the devotion, the tenderness, the sweet and pure humanity,—in a word, the Christianity,—of the house of God. May we soar as we sing ! and, when we come back to earth from the seventh heaven of aspiration, may we bring the heavenly with us in treasures of faith, hope, and love, for these daily uses !

THE RELIGION OF RECREATION AND AMUSEMENT.

BY REV. C. PALFREY, D. D.

RECREATION and amusement are a necessity of our nature. Both body and mind require them. We need, as a relaxation from a long continuance of serious occupation, not only rest, but play,—a pleasing diversion ; something that is neither work nor rest,—an agreeable activity of mind and body. Neither our bodily nor our mental powers will bear a continual strain. In order to maintain their efficiency at its highest point, it is necessary that they should be occasionally relaxed. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity. By too long persistence in labor, the hand loses its dexterity, and the mind its interest and alacrity in its work. Both need a diversion, a turning aside, something that shall engage, without tasking, the attention, and shall cause the serious occupation to be forgotten for a while : then we shall return to it with fresh vigor. If we have a work to do, within a given time of any considerable extent, the most economical disposition we can make of the time, will be to devote a portion of it to relaxation.

To say that this need of recreation is a part of the constitution of our nature, is to say, in other words, that it is an appointment of God. It must, therefore, be recognized and considered. Like every other propensity of our nature, the appetite for amusement was given, not to be stifled or rooted out, but to be regulated. We may assume that there are circumstances and limitations under which the indulgence of it is innocent and lawful and desirable ; and we may expect to find that means have been provided for its gratification. It is our business to ascertain what these means, circumstances, and limitations are. Here is a question in which right and wrong are concerned. It is the office of religion and morality to determine such questions. Let not those who speak in the name of religion and morality, the teachers and guides of the young, evade this duty, or superciliously pass by the whole

subject as beneath their notice. Neither let it be assumed that the strictest and severest rules that can be laid down are the safest and best, and that, because the tendency to pleasure is so strong, the only way to bring it to the right point is to lay upon it excessive restrictions, which are not expected to be literally obeyed. That would be dealing deceitfully with that sacred principle of our nature, conscience. What we want is the exact truth in this matter. Let the line between right and wrong amusements be drawn with all faithfulness and discrimination, and then let everything excluded by that line be scrupulously avoided as sin; and let the enjoyments it includes be freely partaken of, without scruple or misgiving, as gifts of the good providence of God, with gratitude to him and prayer for his blessing upon it.

I would endeavor to assist a young inquirer in settling this important moral question: and I would remark, first of all, that the very question implies that recreation is sought only as an occasional relaxation from serious employment, and that it occupies a comparatively small portion of time, the bulk of which is given to grave occupation. Rest implies previous labor. Relaxation presupposes long-continued work. There can be no refreshment except from the weariness of past toil. A man, therefore, who lives what is called a life of pleasure, who makes amusement his business, who has no useful end, no earnest purpose to live for, but spends his whole time in fluttering about from one idle excitement to another, has nothing to do with this question. He is in a false position in regard to the whole matter. He never earns a right to recreation. All his amusements are wrong. Every man ought to have a serviceable occupation, in which he should labor diligently, and make himself useful, and leave the world somewhat better for his having lived in it. If the necessity of such labor is not laid upon him by his condition, he ought to lay it upon himself. He should choose a sphere of useful activity, in which he should task his faculties for the good of his fellow-men. It is only in relation to such an earnest and industrious life that the question of recreation and amusement can be properly considered.

Recreation and amusement, then, are to be enjoyed under moral restrictions. First, they must be pure and innocent. They must minister to no depraved inclination or propensity. They must be such as leave no stain upon the soul, such as can be looked back upon without shame or remorse, such as he who partakes of them would be willing to have known by his purest friend. All pleasures that cannot abide that test are to be utterly renounced and shunned. No fashion can sanction them. The practice of what may be considered the highest classes of society cannot make them respectable. No mere moderation in the use of them can justify them. No measure of them is innocent. They are not to be regulated, but prohibited. I lay them, therefore, entirely out of the account. Let it be understood that what I have to say farther has no reference to them.

We come, then, to a large class of cases, in which amusements unexceptionable in themselves become wrong by the excess to which they are carried, or the circumstances with which they have been unnecessarily connected. The frequency with which it is resorted to, and the large portions of time given to it, may make an amusement wrong that might otherwise be innocent. A young man who can be enticed from his occupation by any invitation to amusement that happens to meet him, and is accustomed to spend considerable portions of time in it, and whose thoughts and inclinations are thus constantly divided between business and pleasure, cannot thrive. If he is in the employment of another, he cannot do all his duty to his employer, to whom he owes the best service of his time and faculty. If he is his own master, he in like manner wrongs himself. The business will not prosper that is liable to such frequent interruption, and which is carried on with half a heart. And, above all, he will fail in that which is emphatically the great business of life, the end to which all that is commonly called business is but the means,—the formation of a good and manly character. He cannot be relied upon by himself or others. He will not become the sort of man who can choose a good end, and resolutely persist in it through difficulty and temptation, till it is successfully

accomplished. He becomes dissipated ; perhaps not in the ordinary acceptation of the word ; it is commonly used to signify addictedness to pleasures that are criminal in their nature, and work a speedy ruin of body and soul, — but it properly describes the state of one whose energies are dissipated ; scattered abroad, that is, by excessive indulgence in amusements of a less fatal sort. The loins of such a man's spirit are never girded for strenuous action. He is a weak and frivolous man.

The expense of an amusement is often an important consideration in determining whether it is right or wrong. In this point of view, an amusement may be right for one person that would be wrong for another. The question, can I afford it, must be answered by every man for himself, in reference to his own circumstances. It is every one's duty to make a wise appropriation of his means of living ; to provide first for important and necessary purposes ; if possible, to lay up something for the future ; above all things, to keep out of debt. To this end, he should deliberately fix upon such a scale of living as he can properly maintain, and should settle with himself what innocent pleasures come fairly within his reach, and to them resolutely restrict himself, and be content with the limits Providence has drawn around him, and not vainly strive to live upon a richer man's plan. And he may the more readily reconcile himself to the limitations of his circumstances, when he considers that the most refreshing pleasures, those that most truly answer the purpose of recreation, are the least expensive, and can often be had for nothing. The case of a young man who goes from a quiet village to a great city, where, removed from the moral restraints and sober enjoyments of home, he meets on every hand the places and the means of fascinating and exciting diversions, calls for serious consideration. How many, in such circumstances, have made speedy shipwreck of virtue ! How many have sunk rapidly into the depth of sensual excess ! and how many, for the sake of enjoying pleasures they could not afford, have been led, by little and little, to rob their employers, till at last their fraud is detected, their reputation for integrity is gone,

and they are consigned to irretrievable shame and ruin. Certainly a moral guide should have something more to say to young men so situated, than the stern prohibition, touch not, taste not, handle not. Here is this natural youthful craving, which ought to be gratified in some form, which God has provided the means of gratifying: should it not be recognized, allowed, and directed? Would not a Christian association, or a Christian church, be doing an important part of its Master's work, which should make some provision for this purpose; which should furnish safe places and innocent amusements, and make them easily accessible to all who are exposed to the temptations of guilty pleasure?

Then an amusement perfectly innocent in itself, may become wrong, by the circumstances with which it is needlessly connected. This topic can be best illustrated by considering it in reference to some popular amusements. Dramatic compositions have ever been classed among the highest efforts of genius. The study of the best works of this kind is a part of a liberal education. To hear such a composition from the lips of an accomplished reader, is a delightful entertainment. Still greater is that delight, when the characters are separately personated, with appropriate scenery and costume. Then the imaginary scenes and characters live before the eye. Such representation is one of the most pleasing of the fine arts. The gratification it affords is among the most refined pleasures of taste. Such is the ideal theatre. How different often is the actual theatre. Scenes are exhibited, characters personated, sentiments uttered, that set forth sensual sin in alluring forms, and insidiously pander to the lowest passions. To such evil purposes is it sometimes perverted. It is not necessary to visit it, to be assured of that fact. One who never appears within its walls, has a right to assert it. It is a matter of common fame. They who provide such entertainments take too much pains to make their attractions known, to leave it in any degree of doubt. It is obtruded upon the notice of every one who walks the streets of our cities. It is proclaimed at every corner, by advertisements in which the allurements of these exhibitions are displayed in glaring pic-

tures. Now the question arises, cannot the pure and legitimate enjoyment of dramatic representation be had, without these evils? If it cannot, certainly it had better be given up. It has no sufficient compensation to offer for them. But it is obvious that it has no natural and necessary connection with them. Certainly it is possible to have a theatre in which all the performances should be perfectly unexceptionable; to which the most scrupulous parent could take his children, without a fear that his daughters would see or hear anything that should raise a blush, or that his sons would meet, either within or around its doors, a temptation to vice; and all could enjoy a high entertainment of imagination and taste, without danger of moral pollution. If the sober, thoughtful, religious portion of the community, recognizing the need of amusements for the young, and the peculiar fascinations of this amusement, and seriously addressing themselves to the task of providing for them the means of innocently enjoying it, should demand such a theatre as I have imagined, and should pledge to it their countenance and patronage, it would come into existence, and would contribute incalculably to the promotion of good morals.

Motion to the rhythm of music, which is simply a definition of dancing, is an instinctive impulse. The practice of it is a natural and innocent amusement. It is difficult to imagine any moral blame that can be attached to it. It can become wrong, only by excess in the use of it, or by some perversion of its legitimate purpose; by the mode in which it is practised, or the circumstances with which it is surrounded. And it is liable to abuse and excess; it may be practised in an objectionable manner; it may be accompanied by circumstances that involve moral danger. All these things are to be considered. Let an amusement thus harmless in itself be kept pure and right in practice. It should be scrupulously kept within the bounds of modesty and decorum. It should be jealously guarded against the slightest transgression of that imperative limitation. What first brought the amusement into disrepute, was a deviation from the line of rectitude in that direction. This is one of those perversions of which

it is susceptible, but into which it is by no means necessary that it should fall. Is it said that in our community there is no need of this caution? It is to be hoped so. But rumors are abroad, that, in our large cities, and in what are considered the highest circles of fashion, modes of dancing are coming into use, which are exceedingly objectionable in a moral point of view, and which are borrowed from places in the old world from which the pure daughters of our country would not knowingly take their fashions. It is to be hoped that these rumors are exaggerated; but, when we consider the mighty power of fashion to make the most odious things look beautiful, and how surely and quickly fashions, once set in the great centres, penetrate to the remotest corners of the land, it seems not untimely or superfluous, to utter a caution to keep this mode of recreation as pure and innocent as the gambols of childhood from which it took its origin.

Another matter with which this amusement is sometimes needlessly complicated, is that of dress. There is no necessary connection between them. Why should it be assumed that this recreation can be enjoyed only in elaborate and costly apparel? Why should expenses be incurred for this purpose, which those who have to meet them can, perhaps, ill afford? Why should toilsome and anxious days be consumed in preparation for what should be a simple pleasure? Why should so much more thought and care be bestowed upon the mere decoration of the person, than the object deserves, or is good for those who bestow them? Why should not this natural and healthy recreation, as it was meant and ought to be, be taken as opportunities happen to present themselves in social gatherings, or, at least, without laborious preparation, or efforts for personal display? Then it might be more frequently enjoyed, and would better answer its purpose.

This amusement becomes injurious in another way, by being pursued at unreasonable hours, and by being too long protracted. There is no reason why it may not be sufficiently enjoyed, and all the accustomed hours be given to rest. There is no good reason why there should be "no sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet." There is no necessity of turning

night into day for the sake of this amusement, no excuse for risking health by exposure to the chilling damps of midnight or early dawn, perhaps in insufficient clothing, after the excitement, weariness, and exhaustion of the ball-room. Pleasure thus pursued becomes a toil. It ceases to answer the purposes of recreation. Instead of preparing body and mind to return with renewed alacrity to accustomed work and business, it unfits both for serious occupation. Instead of being a refreshment, it needs to be rested from.

The question may perhaps have suggested itself, whether, considering the manifold dangers with which these recreations are encompassed, it would not be easier to prohibit them altogether, than to allow them, and at the same time attempt to guard them against these dangers. Easier it would undoubtedly be for the moral teacher and guide to take that position in words, but not easier to procure conformity to it in the practice of the young. It would be evading an important duty; and, considering the necessity of recreations of some sort, this course is beset with moral dangers. This absolute prohibition would not, and ought not to be obeyed; and the youthful seekers of pleasure would be left without direction, to the devices of their own hearts; worse than that, they would be often left in the habitual violation of their own consciences, by indulgence in what they have been taught to regard as sin. I cannot sufficiently wonder at the conduct of parents, who teach their children that this or that amusement is sinful, and yet, in conformity with fashion, or in compliance with the children's importunity, allow them to join in it. One of two things they ought to do: either to say, this is sin and you must have nothing to do with it; or to say, honestly, it is innocent and right in itself, and, with due moderation and in proper circumstances, you may partake of it freely and thank ully.

Much might be done towards keeping the young within the limits of rectitude and moderation in their recreations, by the presence of their parents and elders. Separation between the old and the young in meetings for social enjoyment, is spoken of as a peculiarity of our American society. It is to be regretted for the sake of both parties. Both would be

benefited by enjoying themselves together. And especially is it desirable that a commingling of different ages for this purpose should take place at home; that parents should direct, promote, and partake of their children's recreations; that children should never be driven abroad for entertainment; that home should be the most agreeable place they know of. To this end, those who have the care of youth might well study amusement as a science, so as to be provided with a copious variety of sports and games, suited to various ages, and to exercise agreeably dexterity, skill, ingenuity, imagination, taste, and intellect.

The young are accustomed to hear their period of life spoken of, when the world is new to them, and all their susceptibilities of pleasure are keen and strong, as peculiarly the season of enjoyment; and they are naturally disposed to adopt that opinion. But it would be a great mistake to understand by it, that they have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves; that as yet they have no call to thoughtfulness, to a sense of responsibility, to earnest life. No moral and rational being is in that condition from the moment he becomes capable of reflection. There are indeed reasons why the young especially need serious consideration. The right use of the early period of life has an important bearing upon their whole future, in this world and in the next. In this endless existence on which they have entered, no words can describe the importance of beginning right; of giving to all good principles and purposes the force that belongs to the habits earliest formed; of directing the glowing affections of youth to the worthiest objects; of employing their youthful activity in the service of God and man; of consecrating their ideal hopes to the attainment of true excellence. If a young person have made a deliberate and fixed choice of the highest purposes of living, the whole subject that has been here discussed, will naturally assume in his view its just proportions, and will appear to him in its true relations to other departments of life. He will be in a condition to solve for himself many of the questions that have been discussed, and will carry in his own heart a standard of judgment, that will qualify him to be a law to himself.

ON

MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW.

THE New Testament is no detached piece of history ; and the documents of which it is composed, have other connections than simply with one another. Its title as the New presupposes the Old Testament : and throughout it is alive with the spirit and phraseology of Isaiah and Jeremiah and David and Elijah and Moses. And just as a government may for continuity and spirit be the same government, throughout many generations of ministers and subjects connected with it, so was the era of the New Testament, a continuation of the line of ages, which dates from Abraham.

At the birth of Jesus, there was present a continuity of custom, thought, and hope, which began as all the Jews of the time, gloried in believing, "with the faith of Abraham, who is the father of us all." At that time, for everybody, everywhere, with the exception of a Roman garrison, it was for everything the law of Moses. The smoke of the morning and of the evening sacrifice went up from Mount Moriah, over Jerusalem, just as it had been commanded in the desert. The foundations of the temple were what Solomon had laid. And as the priests chanted their psalms, often it was in the words of David and of a thousand years before. The prophets indeed were dead, but in every synagogue, on every Sabbath, still they were to be heard, speaking from their books. And outside of Judea, in Rome probably, and in Corinth, and in many other places, there was a state of things, like what was pleaded as a fact, in a conference of the earliest Christians about the Gentiles, and which is thus written of, in the Book of Acts ; "Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day." And throughout Palestine, all the localities, loudly as they speak to-day, yet spoke

still more impressively, eighteen hundred years ago, of Samson, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah and Elisha. And at that time, no doubt, there were places, which seemed, as though still glowing with the presence of Isaiah, or mourning along with the spirit of Jeremiah, and as though still fresh from the footsteps of Hosea and Amos, or as though made holy by the life of Malachi, the last of the prophets. Nor, as it would seem, at that time, had the voice of prophecy been quite suspended, because with his annual entry into the holy of holies, in the temple, it was believed that the high priest for the year, became prophetic for some one purpose. And indeed, at that period, all the land of Judea, was alive with habitations, of what the angel of the Lord had been; and of what judgments had been incurred, and what hopes had been imparted from the Lord; and of what miracles had been wrought, at one place and another, and what visions, also, and dreams had been vouchsafed to one man and another. By its nature, time past in Judea, for effect had become prophetic of a future wonderful and miraculous.

The Old Testament was the soul of the Jewish people. It was what they thought from, what they prayed by, and what they trusted to. The God of Abraham and of Isaac, and of Jacob was the God they looked to, and towards whom their souls were open. Historically, they were the Lord's people, but not therefore spiritually, all of them, and altogether; for it was then, as it is to-day, when Christians pray for that coming, which would destroy many of them with its brightness. And so it was, that at the commencement of our era, every mountain and valley and city from Beersheba to Lebanon, every fisherman on the lake of Galilee, and at Jerusalem every member of the Sanhedrim, and every man in the market-place, Scribes and Pharisees all, and every worshiper also, that went up into the temple to pray, was alive with the spirit of the past, and with hopes accruing from it.

From the termination of the Old Testament to the commencement of the New, there was a space of four hundred years, which however was not without its documents, which are to be found in the Apocrypha. During this interval, the

Jews had become more and more a peculiar people, so as indeed to have hold of a right belief, many of them, in a most unrighteous spirit. And indeed they had become, and they were what they were, a mere earthen vessel, wherein was held aloft and before the whole world, the golden, heavenly, eternal truth of the unity of God.

The day, which Jesus Christ said that Abraham had rejoiced at foreseeing, was coming. And for many and perhaps a thousand converging reasons before the throne of God, "now the fullness of the time was come." These are the first verses of the Gospel according to St. Mark. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the son of God: as it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare my way before thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make her paths straight. John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins. And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey; and preached, saying, —

And here now on the instant, starts up our modern skepticism and exclaims, "Written in the prophets, the old prophets! That is a very good beginning certainly! But preaching in the wilderness! A popular preacher keeping to the wilderness — that is too ridiculous. And who was John? who was his father? Oh, Zacharias, indeed! But who then was the Scribe that registered his birth? For, is it pretended, that the Jews had registers of births, among them? Preaching the baptism of repentance! What an audacious undertaking! Why was he to preach in that way, rather than anybody else? And then for his food, locusts and wild honey! Did anybody ever hear of such a diet? But, no doubt, he was secretly supplied from the city with something better than that; was not he?" And to this, answer is proper thus: "No, he was not, probably. Go away, poor child of self-conceit and misfortune, go away. What have you to do with the time and

scene and spirit, which we are trying to realize? Get away into the fields, and find, if you can, the prodigal son; and far away from the flippancies and fashions of the day, think with yourself till you come to yourself, and feel yourself to be a living soul with the feelings, responsibilities and belongings of a soul immortal." Reason in its majesty ought to be welcome everywhere; and it has a place, indeed, immediately under the throne of the Most High. But what has mere pertness to do at the gate of the holy of holies? It can really do nothing there, except incur penal blindness; as the Syrians did at Dothan, when they reached out their hands for the life of the prophet Elisha.

At the birth of Jesus Christ, it was as St. Paul wrote to the Galatians, because "the fullness of the time was come." And not improbably, it was for the whole world, a more complete fullness of time than what Paul of himself could ever have thought. Because, as to the providential agencies concerned with a great crisis in human affairs, the chief actors in it may personally know no more than any other people of the time. For, persons may close together for a settlement of their differences, by collision, fight or otherwise, and yet be merely the representatives of forces, external to themselves, and of the potency of which, they may be quite unaware. A great crisis like "the fullness of the time" is to be known of by men thoroughly, only from some watch-tower commanding the stream of time. And so it is possible, that Paul as to the fullness of time, wrote by the Spirit, more truly than he himself knew of.

Four hundred years previously, Plato had written, that in his view, there was no hope of deliverance for mankind, from the vile slough, into which they had fallen, but through the intervention of that Power, by which they had been created. And as appears also, from classical authors, there was, about the commencement of our era, in the Roman empire, a strange, wandering, prophetic sense abroad, that there was a crisis rising, as to human affairs. In describing the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, it is said by Tacitus in his heathen way, "Omens had happened, for averting which, there is no

rite practiced by a people, who are opposed to all religion, though actually very superstitious. Troops were seen to meet in the sky, and arms to glisten, and the temple was suddenly illuminated by light from the clouds. The doors of the inner temple were suddenly thrown open, and a voice more than human was heard saying that the gods were going. These things frightened some people. But most persons were thereby more fully persuaded, that what was contained in the ancient writings of the priests was coming true, that the East was about to be magnified, and people from Judea about to rise to power." And Suetonius writes to the same effect and says, "A certain ancient and persistent notion had overspread the East, that by Fate, people from Judea would become supreme." And in the same way, Josephus wrote, after the fall of Jerusalem, that what had emboldened the Jews, to resist the Romans, was an uncertain oracle contained in their sacred books, that some of them, about that time, would rule the world. Very singular indeed was that expectant state of the public mind, which there was, among both the Jews and the heathen, during that century, in which Jesus Christ was born. No doubt, the world had grown ripe for a great change, and was also conscious of that ripeness, through the best intellects of the age.

Greece had yielded its best as to intellectual preparation, for the world. And Rome had subordinated all nations to itself, from Britain to the borders of Persia, and by permeation, had made them like one people, and had tied them together with roads, opening in every direction, from the Forum. The Gentiles had been working for an end beyond their thought, and had unconsciously been fulfilling ancient prophecy, and preparing the world for the new doctrine that should proclaim the brotherhood of man. Rome had unconsciously been making ready with its work, and Judea, without knowing it, had been producing the man, against, "the fullness of the time," and the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and

hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Probably, it was as the earth answers to heaven, electrically; but any way, so it was, that the world, at its best, was as though expectant, about the time when Christ was manifested. This state of expectation may perhaps have been from what Plato had said, or it may have merely been occasioned by some Sibylline prophecy, such as every now and then got wandering about the world and exciting men's minds; or it may have been caused simply by the shadow of a great event, forthcoming from the gates of destiny. There is an eclogue of Virgil, which has always had a fascination for some minds, as seeming like what might have been written from inspiration at Jerusalem. And certainly it is a strange, singular poem; for it is in the spirit of Isaiah, rather than like the Muse of Theocritus. And it is as though in some high mood, while Virgil was thinking to express his best wishes for the newly born child of a friend, he had actually been caught by the spirit of prophecy, and been lifted up like Ezekiel, and been made to shape his words, as though for a Messiah just born. And if any one should think that so this may have been, he might maintain his belief by many analogies, and instances. For, through being possessed and over-mastered by a mighty spirit, often a man has said grandly what he never thought, and been even like Balaam, who blessed sublimely, while wishing only to curse. But, however that may have been, there was, at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, a prophetic sense abroad of something great about to happen, and not in Judea only. And so it was, "now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king" that the words of Haggai came true, which had been uttered five hundred years before, not out of his own mind but by the spirit of prophecy. "And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."

And here abruptly our modern captiousness calls out,

"Somewhat indefinite that, is it not? If there was to be a prophecy, why was it not accompanied by the names of persons and places, and by exact dates, and by the names of the kings or emperors, that were to be?" To which the answer is, "The end of that course of thought is, that you can have nothing to do with God Almighty, unless he will show himself in a court constituted after human methods, and be examined and cross-examined as to his right to own human creatures and to deal with them. Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Potsherd of earth, is that the temper, in which you can even treat with your fellow-potsherds? Or is that the spirit, in which men of the least success have ever contemplated the earth, geologically? Also, what, necessarily has Spirit foretelling its course, to do with names; for, what has the mere name of a man to do with the spirit of an age?"

This matter of prophecy is not for a man, whose mind has been narrowed to the mere methods of science, nor yet for a bigot of the Talmud, nor yet for a bigot of any Christian kind, because really it is the affair of human nature at its highest and truest. And indeed it is a subject for men not of mathematics merely, but of poetry and intuition, and of wide learning as well as modern sharpness; and who also have had personal experience of the Spirit, as dealing with them, for sin, and redemption and hope. And for such men, the Old Testament is one long grand prophecy as to the "desire of all nations," and the manner of his coming.

The people of Israel were a chosen people; were they? They were; but yet not to the exclusion or detriment of other nations; because, through the choice of them, divinely, all other nations were to be blessed, and to know the Lord, and have a Messiah, and receive the Spirit.

The beginning of Christianity was not at Bethlehem, nor yet at Nazareth; and it was indeed, very long before Cæsar Augustus became emperor: for it was when there was "preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." And if it were as Paul writes, that it pleased God "to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen," it was because, first, as he

says, God "separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace." And before the words, God, Father, faith, and Spirit could have their right meanings, as spoken by the apostles, it was necessary, that they should have been used in joy and sorrow, and hope and fear, by one generation after another, and by Moses as a law-giver, and by David as a Psalmist, and by the prophets, one after another, in their various messages of love, or anger, or direction, or encouragement.

There is not an age of the ancient Church, but lives to-day, by its influence, in every member of the Church of God. If faith avails me to-day, for righteousness or a hereafter, it is because I am "blessed with faithful Abraham." The heathen are the majority in the world, as yet, and according to them, "there be gods many, and lords many." And "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." And that everything is God, is what a student is liable to think, if he forgets himself, as a finite limited creature, with whom sometimes inquiry must grow microscopic as it grows intense, and therefore must report less and less of the infinite and eternal. And if my soul has in it provision against its times of trial and agony, it is because of something in me, which is like an instinct; it is because of spirit by descent; it is because of an inherited feeling, from ages long before the commencement of our era, as to the God of heaven and earth, being the God of persons, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. And it is because of great souls, that were before Christ, because of the manner in which David agonized, and had his spirit drawn, that myself I can exclaim and plead, "O God, thou art my God."

Jesus said to the Jews, in the temple, on an occasion when he was charged, somewhat indiscriminately, with being a Samaritan and also with having a devil, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad." This prophetic view of the future, had been a grace vouchsafed to Abraham by the Spirit; and apparently also it was through the Spirit, that Jesus was enabled to speak of it.

The Spirit of the Lord, as it legislated for the Jews, ancient-

ly, was making ready for that wonderful liberty, wherewith Christ was to make the whole world free. The Spirit, through the prophets and through the agency of nature taught and guided the people of Israel, and warned and punished them, and cheered and blessed them, not for the sake of them, as individuals, merely or mainly, but because they were to be a people, "of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ" was to come. The Spirit, as it ruled the Jews, foretold in its action, the future of the Gentiles. These words were from the Spirit, through Isaiah, nearly eight hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ. "And it shall come to pass in the last day, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The vision is not yet as to accomplishment, on the subject of war: but it is not therefore the less wonderful for any man, who has an eye for history, and the workings of the human spirit, and for those many other signs of the times, which are to be discerned to-day, besides what glitter from the points of bayonets. Ten or twelve generations had lived and died in the knowledge of the preceding prophecy, when through Malachi, the Spirit predicted as to its own course, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?" This anticipation of the Spirit was what, four hundred years later, was to be continued as a lamentation of the Spirit, by the utterance of Jesus

Christ, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." As to the preceding prophecies, the Spirit justified itself. For, to Jerusalem, it happened, just as was said by Jesus Christ, as he looked at it, from the Mount of Olives. And we Christians all, do we not worship in a temple, which though not made with hands, has yet for its porch and entrance, that house of God upon the mountain, which Isaiah knew of ? And are we not Christians, because of what the Jews were anciently ?

They were almost the last words of the last of the prophets, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." They had been pondered by the Jews for four hundred years. And so on his appearance, John was asked if he were the Christ, and if not the Christ, then if he were Elias. Both which things he denied. That the Christ was near him, he felt, but apparently without being certain as to who it was. "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not : but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God."

But it is asked, "Why was that particular person chosen rather than anybody else ; and why was Christ manifested at that particular time, rather than a hundred years earlier or later ?" But it might as well be questioned, as to why Milton should have been more of a poet, than all other men of his generation ; and as to why some plant should flower certainly, and yet only once in a hundred years.

"When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The Jewish people were ripe for his production ; and all nations were awaiting him, as

their desire. And for the fullness of the time, it was as though the whole world were folded about by eternity, with forces and tendencies converging for a crisis. The air felt as though it had grown prophetic; and men were "waiting for the consolation of Israel," as Simeon did before it was revealed to him about the Lord's Christ. And indeed nature now was about to let in "a multitude of the heavenly host" for praising God, within the hearing of mortals: and about to be ready also for admitting inside of its walls more than twelve legions of angels, should Jesus pray for them to the Father.

For "the fullness of the time," other conditions may have contributed, besides those which are deducible from prophecy and history. The philosophy of what is called a Revival of Religion might perhaps be made to yield some information on this subject. Indeed, historically, it is evident, that there are times of what the Scriptures call refreshing from the Lord. And to philosophers, who even have been irreligious, it has seemed as though at certain emergencies, there certainly were a force, extraneous to men, individually, which quickened and whirled them, and disposed of them by a will of its own, independent and irresistible.

And perhaps, also, we mortals may be spiritually affected, for numbness or quickness, by conditions dependent on even the particular quarter of the universe, wherein our earth may happen to be carrying us. It is common experience that we are dull or lively, with the state of the atmosphere, and especially as to electricity. Also, at present, we are borne, annually, through showers of what are called falling stars, but of which, anciently, there would seem to have been no knowledge. Men "are fearfully and wonderfully made;" and as being possibly children of God, they are the creatures not of a Commonwealth simply, nor a continent, nor even of a planet, but are natives of the universe. And a grand and worthy saying was that of Paul, as to the coming of Christ, and sounding like what he might have been taught of God — "The fullness of the time was come."

But why did not everybody know it, when the time was

come? But further yet than that, why has not everybody since Adam, known all that the heavens have been proclaiming: and why do so few people know even to-day what the best astronomers have caught? John the Baptist could scarcely believe in himself. He knew that he was the "voice of one crying in the wilderness;" but he did not know that he was Elias. As indeed how could he know that at a time, when all that he knew of the one behind him was, that himself he was not worthy to take off his shoes. By the Spirit, afterwards, he was shown that the Christ was Jesus. And Jesus subsequently was enabled to say of him, "This is Elias which was for to come." Truths from the highest are not readily subordinated by the earthly understanding: and the monitions of the Spirit are but slowly translated into the dialect of common life.

Of the preceding remark, there is some illustration even in the life of Jesus. When the Spirit came upon him, in John's sight, there had to be a reception of it and appropriation. And Jesus did not on the instant, begin to teach on the river-side, nor look round for the nearest sick person to heal. "And immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness. And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him." This was not unlike what happened to Ezekiel, when the word of the Lord first came to him. "So the spirit lifted me up and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me." For solitude and fasting, Jesus was, for the time, like some prophet of the Old Testament. But not even once would he seem to have been a subject of that ecstasy, which was characteristic of the prophets. Nor even would he seem to have had what was a common experience with Daniel. "And I Daniel fainted, and was sick certain days; afterward I rose up, and did the king's business; and I was astonished at the vision, but none understood it." But still apparently, Jesus was not, on the instant, both as to body and mind, absolutely congruent with the Spirit, which had come upon him. And indeed long afterwards, the Son

of Man prayed in regard to his suffering greatness as the Son of God, "Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

And so when Jesus was "led up of the Spirit, into the wilderness," it was that he might be tempted, as indeed he could not but be ; it was that he might manifest his temper, while growing suddenly out of the condition of a humble Nazarene, into something even greater perhaps than "the nature of angels ;" it was that he might commence his Messiahship with overcoming Satan, at his greatest advantage ; and it was, that in quiet and apart from the world, he might have his soul quicken, and fill, and strengthen with that Spirit, which was becoming his without measure.

LETTER FROM HENRY JAMES.

MY DEAR MR. SEARS :—

I ought to be contented with the very generous appreciation you bestow upon my recent book ; and yet, as I desire to stand well with your readers, I cannot help asking your permission to show them, in very few words, that I am not, as you somewhat suspect, either a pantheist or an annihilationist or a fatalist.

What is the intellectual root of Pantheism ? A disbelief in creation ; this disbelief itself being grounded in a sensuous judgment of nature. That is to say, sense stamps nature as absolute ; and, inasmuch as what is absolute cannot be created, the intelligence controlled by sense has no difficulty whatever in disposing of the traditional dogma of creation. Every such intelligence, accordingly, *takes nature for granted*, as the starting-point of its inquiries, and has no subsequent concern but to show, that, while nature's shifting forms are relative and finite, nature's self is substantially infinite and eternal ; that is, divine. In other words, the pantheist sets out with an ontological assumption which is itself incapable of proof, being in fact a gross begging of the whole question in dispute ; and upon that logical quicksand, or unverified basis, proceeds to establish his

dogmatic pretensions. Now, the "Secret of Swedenborg" is a systematic refutation of this ontologic assumption on the part of the pantheist (and scientific naturalist as well), inasmuch as it proves nature to be no rational reality, but a mere correspondence or shadow of the spiritual universe — the universe of the human mind — stamped upon a sensibly organized intelligence. The doctrine of nature, disclosed in my book, is, that nature is only an *incident* of God's spiritual creation, which is Man, and has absolutely no function but to give man that *quasi* or phenomenal existence to his own consciousness, which is implied in the subsequent evolution of the very real or spiritual being he has in God. In short, I show nature to be an exact shadow or obscuration of the creative substance operated by the created form, and yet exquisitely accommodated, as such shadow or obscuration, to the needs of our still finite or groveling spiritual intelligence. How absurd, then, to call me a pantheist, or charge me with deifying nature! Would it be proper in me to boast of your spiritual acquaintance, or even claim that I personally knew you, because I happened to possess your photograph? Yet this would not be near so densely illogical a claim as the other.

And why, pray, should you call me an annihilationist? I do not see how man, either universally or individually, is ever going to be annihilated save by the previous annihilation of his Creator. If man were something in himself, and apart from God, then I could conceive of his being annihilated without any detriment to the divine existence. But he is, by the hypothesis of his creation, absolutely void of being in himself, and possesses it exclusively in God; so that he can never undergo any loss of being in himself, or directly, but only indirectly, or in his creative source. Neither do I see how nature is ever going to be annihilated without a previous annihilation of man, since nature confesses itself to be the same abject implication merely of man that man himself is of God. In order that anything should become nothing, it must first of all have been something; for it is inconceivable that nothing should ever be reduced to nothing, since it already *is* nothing. And inasmuch as I have shown that man is something only by God, and nature something only by man, how shall we conceive of either one or the other of these somethings becoming nothing, save by the previous annihilation of that whereby alone it is anything? When you go away from your looking-glass, your shadow, of course, follows you, or deserts its customary theatre of exhibition. But you would not say thereupon that the harmless thing was annihilated, — *i.e.*, underwent

any loss of substance or being, — would you? For it never pretended to any being or substance in itself, but always confessed itself a mere optical phenomenon, or appearance to sense, *conditioned upon your personality*. In a word, its total life, being, or consciousness, was never in itself, but always in you. And therefore, so long as you anywhere exist and perambulate as a veracious natural substance, it also must somewhere exist and perambulate as an inevitable or most righteous mockery of that substance. For this is the distinction between natural and spiritual substance, that the latter casts no shadow, — *i.e.*, implies no evil, — while the former does.

Fatalism seems to me a like irrelevant imputation. God forbid indeed that I should be such an ass as to deny morality, since this would be to deny my own burdened and groaning consciousness. No: I simply deny that our moral consciousness affords any just measure, any adequate augury, of our spiritual destiny. This, however, is just what it invariably pretends to do. It pretends to supply an absolute and by no means a merely provisional base to our spiritual evolution. Yet it has never been anything but a most temporary concession or permission of the creative providence to us, designed to tide us over the long chaos of our social incoherence and immaturity, or to last only so long as the solidarity of man with man in nature should remain an unquickened truth of experience. Hence I maintain that our moral consciousness has absolutely no right — underived of course from our own crass ignorance of providential laws — spiritually to *individualize us from our fellows*, since it is in truth what alone naturally *identifies us with them*. Selfhood, freedom, moral power, is the distinctive badge of human nature; that is to say, it is what alone identifies man with his kind, and what alone differentiates him therefore from the animal. Clearly then, on the one hand, I by no means invalidate the *moral* postulate in experience, — which is the feeling we have of our own unalterable *identity*, — but on the contrary immensely aggrandize it, by thus lifting it out of specific into generic proportions. And just as little, on the other hand, do I enfeeble the *spiritual* postulate in experience — which is the sentiment we feel of our own *individuality* — when I prove that it is thus firmly rooted in the fixed earth of our moral nature, only that it may the more freely grow and flower in that heaven of culture which is reserved to the possibilities of our approaching social and æsthetic consciousness.

I hope this rectification will not exceed your space; and I remain in any event, my dear Mr. Sears,

Yours most truly,

Cambridge, Oct. 9.

HENRY JAMES.

SYMBOLISM IN RELIGION.

BY REV. C. C. SHACKFORD.

ALL image-worship, or idolatry, springs from symbolism. The idol or image is originally a symbol, or outward embodiment of a spiritual idea. The most hideous savage idol is but a perversion of what was originally intended to convey an impression of the divine attributes. And so, also, ceremonial rites and formal services of religion are derived from the same element of symbolic expression. It is essential for us to understand what an important part this great fact of symbolism plays in all developments of religion and religious doctrine. There is nothing that so reveals man's spiritual nature, and shows his true power to be in the ideal and the divine, as that power by which he transmutes the things of earth into a basis for higher and unseen verities, and unceasingly makes for himself, out of the objects of sense, a foundation and support for the divine and everlasting. And to trace also the corruption and perversion of symbols is full of instruction. Unmeaning as they may look to us, images, among a rude and uncultivated people, are a substitute for words. The great, incomprehensible mystery of life, of creation, of power, and of change, presses upon the spirit of man; and he seeks to express his feeling, and give it an outward embodiment. He instinctively feels that there *is* a life-giving, an infinite power back of all the changing phenomena of time and sense; and, if he had the gift of letters, he would write such words as All-seeing, Creative, Preserver, Destroyer, Rewarder, etc. But he cannot write, for letters have not yet been invented to stand for ideas.

Hence he resorts to nature for significant symbols. He sees in certain animals the predominance of some attribute, which makes that animal represent to him the quality as applied to the unknown being we call God.

One animal sees in the dark; one has a peculiar watchfulness over its young; one is swift; another is strong; and so,

from time to time, each living thing becomes the symbol or representative image of some spiritual attribute or quality of the infinite and eternal Mind. So also with the inanimate world, and the human organs and limbs: a multiplication of eyes signifies omniscience; of hands and arms, omnipotence; of ears, wisdom; etc.

Thus we may well suppose, that, as a Brahman once said to a Jesuit missionary, there are many among all idolatrous peoples "who do not worship a number of gods in the extravagant manner Christians imagine, but who, in the multitude of images, adore one divine Essence only." Yet the great majority have, without doubt, ceased to look upon these objects as mere symbols and representations, and attach to the objects themselves a superstitious veneration. They worship, as having an essential and intrinsic power, what their fathers regarded only as expressive symbols. What so expressive symbol as the sun of the creating; life-giving, preserving, and animating first principle, is given in nature? It scatters the darkness, and quickens all the germs of the natural world. Its beams enliven and bless, and ripen all the products of the earth, and awake the sluggish powers of the animal creation. Therefore the worship of the sun was one of the most universal forms of idolatry. The Persian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Greek, Scandinavian, and Mexican worshiped the sun. At one time it was adored as the symbol of the great creating and redeeming, at another of the destroying and avenging, power.

As the early and simple antiquity looked out upon the surrounding nature, it saw the great fact of active and passive elements, and the need of their conjunction in order to the manifestation of life. The active or vivifying principle was represented by the sun: the passive or recipient, by the moon or earth. Hence all the male deities of the different nations can be resolved into the sun as a primeval symbol, and all female into the moon. All below the lunar sphere was considered to be the region of effects,—the passive, recipient sphere; while all above was the region of causes and immutable principles of production. Hence the common

expression, "this sublunary sphere." The male deities can be all reduced to the sun as symbol, and express activity, generating power, productive vitality ; while the female embody the corresponding passive faculties, under different names, such as Isis, Venus, Diana, Hecate, Ceres, Latona, etc. The sun and the moon—these are considered the two first and almost universal symbols of the great divine mystery of life and creation.

And, in the old cosmogonies, a very striking symbol is the egg. From the shapeless mass of seemingly inert matter is produced, before the human eye, the phenomenon of the emerging of form. The creation is almost begun anew. This symbol of the egg figures largely in the Orphic cosmogony.

In the Egyptian symbolism, the *scarabæus* is a prominent object, representing the first great cause, the principle of reproduction, inasmuch as it was believed to unite both male and female properties in itself, and to have the power of self-production.

But the ever-recurring symbol in Egypt and the East, generally, is the lotus, or water-lily. Payne Knight says of this plant, that "it grows in the water, and amongst its broad leaves puts forth a flower, in the centre of which is formed its seed-vessel, shaped like a bell or inverted cone, and punctured on the top with little cavities or cells, in which the seeds grow. The orifice of these cells being too small to let the seeds drop out when ripe, they shoot forth into new plants where they are formed ; the bulb of the vessel serving as a matrix to nourish them, until large enough to burst it open, and release themselves, after which, like other aquatic plants, they take root wherever the current deposits them. The plant, therefore, being thus productive of itself, and vegetating from its own matrix, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power." Hence the often recurring symbol in Egypt and India of the goddess, lotus-crowned or seated upon a lotus, or holding it in the right hand.

We call such an image as this an idol ; but it is simply the use of picture or form, instead of the written word. We, by

the use of letters and words, describe the attributes of the creative power. We say that He is all-existing, eternal, all-wise, just, and loving. But how shall this be expressed by those who have the innate faculty and desire of representing to themselves a description of their idea, and yet have no written language, no arbitrary literal signs? Evidently it must be done by symbols taken from nature. Such objects as seem to embody some peculiar attribute will be taken to stand for that. The realm of nature is full of such symbols. The sun, the moon, the star, the serpent, the palm, the lotus, even the cat and the crocodile, are thus taken from their mere natural use, and, as it were, consecrated in the service of the God.

They acquire, by association, a sacred character. The images continually recur in the temples, upon the walls, and are set up in holy places; and by degrees the meaning and symbolic intent are forgotten, and the multitude, disposed to literal and sensuous views; think of nothing else except the formal worship of the object presented to the senses.

We can readily account, therefore, for the obscuration of simple views of the divine character, and for the corruption of pure monotheism into the most sensual polytheism. In fact, we see everywhere idolaters around us now; those, namely, who worship the sign instead of the reality signified, the show instead of substance, the sensuous outside instead of the inner and divine soul.

We are apt to look abroad to other lands and other times for samples of idolaters. We go to the Canaanites, the Perisites, and the Hittites, to the Sandwich Islands and to Africa. But the essential, spiritual fact is everywhere; here in America, and in what is called the Christian Church, as well as in old Palestine, and in Greece and Rome.

Idolatry is, technically speaking, to adore, or to set up as objects of worship, the images and external representations of God; yet the possession of images and external representations of the Deity is not necessarily a real idolatry.

Says Laing, the historian of the Scandinavians, "Idolatry is the result of a struggle of the human mind to attain fixed

ideas in religion. It is universal at a certain stage of the development of the intellectual powers of man, because that stage is as necessary to be passed through as infancy in the individual, or barbarism in a society of human beings. Idolatry is an attempt to individualize the conception of Almighty Power, — to make it more easy for the mind to dwell upon and entertain some present conception of that Power. Idols should be considered by the Christian philosopher as the imperfect words of a much purer religious sentiment than our churchmen generally suppose, — words different, indeed, from spoken or written words, but intended to convey the same conception, and used with the same sentiment by the most ignorant idolater as the most poetic imagery and most eloquent language of our pulpit orator.

"But the pagan, you say, takes the signs for the things they represent, and worships them as such. So do we: we worship our signs, our words. Let any man examine himself, and he will find himself a mere word-worshiper: he will find words, without ideas or meaning in his mind, venerated, made idols of, — idols different from those carved in wood or stone only by being stamped with printer's ink on white paper."

He is no idolater, then, who regards *idola* or idols as only symbols, and who uses them as a sort of language by which to embody his idea. But he who has nothing back of the image, embodiment, expression, or word, *is* an idolater. There are many idolaters calling themselves Unitarians, Trinitarians, Episcopalians, Mormons, Methodists, Mohammedans. They worship some consecrated terminology or form: they exalt, as essentially divine and saving, some mechanical theory, or some external rite, originally adopted as an expressive symbol, but long since dead and divorced from all reality and all spiritual meaning.

Every religious rite or ceremony, as well as every idolatrous image, is the outward and symbolic expression of the religious consciousness of a people. It is the development of a people's state, and forms a part of the national life. But, inasmuch as a symbol is susceptible of a great variety of applications, it is understood and used differently, according as the feeling

and consciousness change. A fanciful use of the symbol becomes fixed into a literal statement, and out of it is woven a definite creed.

Take, for instance, the earliest symbolic rites recorded in the Bible: "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock." Now, if we could enter in the religious consciousness of these persons, we should know exactly what these offerings meant. Each succeeding age will interpret them according to its own state. Most probably there was, at the basis of these offerings, a spirit of innocent sympathy and grateful acknowledgment. There is no evidence that there was in the consciousness any element of a sense of sin, or any thought of propitiation. But, as the idea of God changed, more and more, from that of a loving and beneficent Deity to that of a jealous and angry potentate, the symbol of offering up the choicest of one's possessions out of a free and loving heart became perverted into the idea of a sacrifice to secure the favor, and to avert the wrath, of the superior powers. And, as the idea of the Deity became further sensualized and degraded, the different gods were said literally to satisfy their appetites upon the meat and the wine and the sweet odors. A divine and spiritual satisfaction in the holy thoughts and pure aspirings of human souls, expressed by the symbol of delight in accepting the offerings of lambs, doves, and pure incense, becomes, in its last perversion, a delight in eating the fleshly meat, and drinking the liquid wine, and inhaling the steaming odors. And so sacrifices became, at last, mere bribes to the gods. And some superstitious soul, in the extremity of its dread, casting round for the most precious object to be offered up, drags before the altar a beloved child; and so, as the culminating perversion, human sacrifices became established. There is an awful logic of development which marches onward continually to the unfolding of all legitimate results.

Take, as another instance, the symbol of prayer. Prayer, when outwardly expressed, is a symbol. All true prayer is the offering-up of the finite to the infinite. This offering is

symbolized by kneeling, or by prostration, or by uplifted hands, as before earthly potentates. Hence the outward symbol gradually becomes petrified, and deemed essential to the inward fact. And when, in some mere external and formal person, the inward and outward become divorced and estranged from each other, the essential virtue of prayer is made to consist in the posture, the form of words, the prescribed outward ritual. He can conceive of no prayer but that alone. Take that away, and you leave him almost, as it were, without a religion, and without a God. Therefore the mere formalist is always the most bitter opponent of all change. He identifies all spiritual life with his own expression of it, and deems that, and that alone, essential for all, if there is to be any longer devotion and prayer.

So also worship itself is a significant symbol. There is a great reality symbolized in our common worship; this, namely, that we offer up, to the Creator of our being and the inspirer of our souls, that being and those souls, that they may be possessed by his wisdom, and made receptive of his love. There is no greater sacrifice that can be made by the human creature than itself. And this sacrifice is symbolized by altar and cross, by victim and priest. The essential reality is the spirit's own resignation of itself to the divine. All outward forms, all words and services, are but symbols of this. And the history of every religion is the illustration of a progressive perversion of the symbol into a reality, of the mere outward sign to be itself the thing signified. Hence victims bleed; hence man offers up his own life and the life of his dearest child; hence he recurs to the sacrifice of Christ, and builds up a formal service of altar, priest, and victim. It is forgotten that all these are but symbols, and that the essential thing is the individual will, the man's own mind, heart, body, and spirit, which he himself is to consecrate to the highest, the true, and the good.

Accordingly we find that every real reform in religion commences in the separation of the outward from the inward, the symbol from the idea. The zealous worshiper rejects all these which have become to him unmeaning forms. He breaks

down the altars, and, like the early Friends and Methodists, he is for an entire simplicity and purity of spiritual worship. He recognizes the reality symbolized, and wars against the mere outward emblems. But as man is a soul in a body corresponding to it in its organs and members, and fitted to express its powers and faculties, so there seems to be a necessity that every spiritual reality should also embody itself in a corresponding outward form. The soul finds that there is an inherent and ever-pressing need of some form or mode of expressing itself.

If hitherto speech has perverted the ineffable, then let speech be abolished, says the reformer. But silence itself then becomes an outward form, which is in its turn perverted, and becomes a hollow mockery and form. Thus Martineau has said, with no less truth than beauty, "that there was truth, and not absurdity, in the Friends' silent meeting before God; a truth, indeed, too great and high for a permanent institution addressed to our poor nature, but affording an infallible memorial of the genuine inspiration that once breathed through that noble people. And what even were the whining voice and tremulous speech, but the instinctive attempt to escape from the vulgarities of life, and reach the strange music, broken, dissonant, and sweet, in which divine and human things conflict and reconcile themselves? Nor is it essentially different in any worship: for, though we meet together, it is not to speak with one another; it is not even to be spoken to and taught,—for that could produce nothing but theology. If it is not for the absolute silence of devotion, it is only for soliloquy, which is but the thought before God, of one, for the guidance of a silence before God, of all."

And the common service of worship, under some symbolic form, is an everlasting need, and hides beneath it an essential spiritual reality. But as language is only a symbol in words, while altars, forms, and priests are symbols in sensible, material things, language like them becomes from time to time merely outward, divorced from its inspiring soul, and a mockery of the real worship. Hence the need of new terms, and the forsaking of old formulas of faith. The soul expresses

itself by means of different terms. And, when this takes place, every devotee of the mere outward form, every person wedded to his own exclusive symbol, looks upon the innovation as fatal to all religion, and destructive of all hope in God. So it would be, perhaps, to him ; but not necessarily to all. His symbolism may interpose as a dark cloud between another soul and the serene blue of heaven. His words may be, to another equally devout spirit, as unmeaning as the counting of the monks' beads or as the Buddhist's prayer-barrel, efficacious according to the number of times that it revolves. For each earnest and true heart must have the old coin, the silver and the gold of divine truth and love, recast in a mold fitted to the prevailing life and spirit of the age in which it lives. The genuine metal survives the accumulations of dross and the devouring flames, and comes forth with the stamp of the current year and the impressed image of the ruling power. Upon the coin of the republic is the personification of liberty ; on the coin of the empire is the head of the emperor. Different as they appear, they both symbolize that supreme authority which reserves for itself the sole right to issue the legal currency.

So it is also with religious doctrines. The confessions of faith and the formularies of doctrine, adopted by different churches, are sometimes termed symbols. And the term has some degree of significance. They *are* symbols of religious truths, and not the truth itself. As an uttered prayer is but a symbol of worship, as nature is but a symbol of the divine beauty and power, as the eucharist is but a symbol of sacrificing love, as the cross is but a symbol of submission even to death, so is any statement of doctrine in words but a symbol of everlasting truth. The philosophical mind seeks to embody its apprehension of truth under these set forms of expression. And here again we see the perversion and corruption of symbols, leading to error, to contentions and useless disputation, to anathemas and ill-will. The symbol becomes regarded as the essential and exclusive truth, but the generation to whom it was a vital reality has passed away. What was a green and nourishing plant to one age,

becomes a fossil to the succeeding. There is the whole outward appearance, indeed, of life ; there is the permanent form and tracery of every branch and vein and stem : but the hard and stony substance has no hold upon nature, no receptive capacity of taking in moisture and sunlight for its growth ; it has no nourishment and sweetness for the bird of the air or the beast of the field. All is fixed, immovable, dead.

So is it with creeds and formularies of faith, the fossil experiences and thoughts of the truthful and good of other times. In adopting a different symbolism for ourselves, if we do adopt one, we do not necessarily profess to be wiser than they were, but only seek to be, in our day and generation, also faithful and true. We need the grain that grows in the field to-day. We need to be supplied by the fertilizing showers that fall from the clouds over our heads, and to breathe the air that circulates every moment through the healthful currents of nature's living laboratories, coming forth from the heaving ocean and the snow-capped mountain. We want no stagnant water of the pool, no miasma of the cavern, or long-neglected cistern. Once the pool and cistern were filled with sweet and health-giving element, while they were supplied by the fresh-flowing streamlets, or the pure drops of rain, while they were in a real connection with the circulating currents of earth and air. All the great formularies of Christian faith are magnificent symbols of *the truths* as present to the living souls of the age when they were set forth. They show what was the construction then put upon the universe and its Creator ; upon man and his God ; what was the outlook then upon the scenes and the horizon which met their view, and how they thought the eternal verity was to be received and obeyed. These formularies, however, are but symbols of the truth, and not the truth itself. When the living spirit no longer manifested itself in them, it was no more dead than is now the living spirit of nature dead, when the flowers decay, and the trees shed their leaves, and the grass perishes. For the word of God in the world never grows old, but abideth forever. The grass withereth, and the flower perisheth ; but truth is eternal.

There is no statement of Christianity that is not a great and mighty symbol ; and, because it is such, the human heart clings to it, and holds it dearer than life. Take, for instance, the statement of the divine incarnation in the Christ. Regarded as a symbolic utterance, and how full of meaning is the truth ! The divine manifest in the human, the spirit abiding in a fitting tabernacle of the flesh, humanity made participant of a spiritual glory, the son at home in his Father's house ! But make of this symbolic utterance a literal creed, base the essential truth upon some physiological statement, and at once the truth itself is gone ; the aroma, the beautiful fragrance and life, have vanished,— leaving a dry form of words, a dogma for philosophical disquisition or unmeaning cant.

So, too, take the doctrine of the offering-up of the Christ as a sacrifice for sin, with its accompanying doctrines of the atonement and redemption. There is here a symbolic statement of an essential truth, as it regards man, as it regards Jesus, and as it regards the Creator. His life and death were a sacrifice, a joyful offering-up of his whole being to truth and duty, a blessed service of love to the God of love. This remains forever our highest symbol.

But how it becomes perverted in the popular and literal acceptance ! The literal blood has been spoken of as essential to be poured out in order to make atonement to the divine justice ! And the sacrifices offered in the earliest ages have even been converted into anticipatory types of this literal, historical fact ! The Christ may truly be said to have given himself, an acceptable sacrifice. But what can we conceive of as acceptable to the spiritual and holy God but a pure and holy life, a reception and embodiment of the divine attributes, and an entire and absolute consecration of the whole being to the infinite and the divine ? These essential, spiritual facts it is that the cross symbolizes, and that the external events of Jesus's life portray. But to convert the speaking symbols into bald doctrinal propositions and mere sensual statements, must be fatal to all true spiritual life. It has been said by Bunsen, with great philosophic truth, "that what is in the

first stage of pathologic change a sensuous misunderstanding, an innocent child's play, has a tendency to be made into a system, and canonized as the first article of a creed. And, from that moment, the once true symbol becomes the nail to the coffin of that form of religion."

All false religions, all lingering formularies of a dead faith, are then to be regarded as corruptions and perversions of symbolic utterances and forms, which were produced because they were at the time living exponents of thoughts, of aspirations, and of ideas. They were not built up voluntarily and consciously; they were not thought of beforehand, and contrived with a special design: but they were spontaneous, inartificial growths of the inner, formative and creative spirit. No abiding expressions of faith and devotion are made by the speculative understanding, or by the conscious, human will. They are the product of the Spirit above humanity, just as the cell of the bee and the covering of the silk-worm proceed from the life of nature, above the contriving power of the insects themselves. They are essentially divine; for they embody a divine, inspiring principle of life. In them all we see a wisdom which inspires, a presence and glory which are not of the earth. As the splendors of the morning and evening sky are the reflections of a higher than mere natural beauty, and borrow their bright hues from a heavenly source, so the symbols of man's faith and love are tokens of a supernatural life, and of an immortal spirit.

"In the opinion of the prudent, he is no hero that can dare to combat a furious elephant; but that man is in truth a hero who, when provoked to anger, will not speak intemperately. A cross-grained fellow abused a certain person; he bore it patiently, and said, 'O well-disposed man! I am still more wicked than thou callest me; for I know my defects better than thou canst know them.'" — *Flower Garden of Shaikh Sadi*.

SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

In the eye of a thoughtful person, what a sight a crowded city or a market-place is! Every man so eager to see what opportunity may offer itself to-day, or promise itself for to-morrow! And such a connection of plans as there is amongst them! One man anxious to do a certain thing, if another will undertake something else; and this other man anxious about the inclinations of some third person. Such a network of plans as there is amongst them all; and that reaches away with its threads over half the earth, to New York, Charleston, Liverpool, Lisbon, Amsterdam and St. Petersburg! Oh, these merchants, how their thoughts run from one to another, and from town to town, and from country to country! And hear their earnest talk. "Glad I have met you; I was just wanting to see you so much." "Oh, my dear sir, by a letter, I have from England, you may be sure, that cotton will go up: so be very sure, you do not sell at present." "That price for sugar! I cannot give it: no; not for my life." And what is it all for,—this anxiety, this earnestness, this activity? It is for money. It is money they are intent on with their very souls.

Their souls; Aye, for these men have more than some brute faculty, some temporal instinct; ant-like perseverance, bee-like industry, camel-like patience, lion-like courage,—more than these things, they have souls to be intent with. And if they are only and wholly intent on money with their souls. For they can be; and indeed many of them are. Then how is it?

A good bargain, a fortune, sometime, perhaps, money is what there they are thinking of,—only money! And all the while, there is God for them, whether they wish it or not. They look only at one another, straight at one another: And yet above them, there is God, with his almighty arm outstretched. Their words are only for one another's ears; only meant so; only thought of so: but they are caught by the unminded ear of Omniscience. They are thinking of plans

for next week, next season, next year ; no further ; and for nothing beyond. And yet beyond all their own plans, and waiting themselves, there is a plan that is from everlasting to everlasting. They are all intent on themselves, on one another, on what this man can do, and what this other man is intending. While themselves, they all of them are to disappear forever from the place, made to vanish by a power that is amongst them there, silent, eternal, almighty, — God.

Silent so as to be forgotten if men like ; and yet, never so silent but he is speaking in every soul, and pervading it with some dim, vague awe, — “Be still and know that I am God.”

They may be innocent in themselves perhaps, — the murmurs, the noises, the cries of a street, a market-place, a town. But think of them as going up to the ear of God, and as being all he hears, as he bends from on high to listen above a town for its sounds. No, with God to listen to them, they are not what they were, when they were thought of as being only between man and man. All these sounds, these cries, these murmurs, — this intentness that never looks upwards but only eagerly about, — this thought that is never of the Infinite, but only of cotton and prices, — this forethought that is for next year so quick, but never for eternity ! What is all this ? Why, if this were all, it would be wickedness itself, for indeed there is a God to mind it. And hark, himself he speaks, “Be still and know that I am God.”

And in the street and public places of the town on the Lord's Day, there is a silence that knows of God.

The Sabbath ! how it overspreads the town with stillness ! how it empties the streets of trade, and peoples them with a silence, that is loud with God ! Busy places emptied of their week-day throngs : the world hushed once a week for God to speak in : this is what the Sabbath is !

And but for this ceasing of it once a week, business would be a whirlpool for the absorption of souls, an abyss of damnation. It is saved from being godless by being intermitted in the name of God. The toilsome week is sanctified by the Sunday it begins from. And it is from the spirit of the Sabbath, that the toils and anxieties of the days following become

an exercise unto godliness, instead of proving, as they otherwise would, and as they often do, the perdition of ungodly men.

A social arrangement, — no ! but something diviner much than that, — a weekly miracle, the Sabbath is. For think ; the shops are closed by it ; the wharves are silent from it ; and the streets are walked in, after another than the common way. On a Sunday morning, one feels that there are lingering among us echoes of a voice from on high, — a something of the awfulness of the Divine tones, — a remembrance from house to house of those words, "Be still and know that I am God."

Still I am to be ; while there are so many things to excite, and distract, and draw me ! Aye, but draw me from God !

For there is nothing but a man may forget God in ; business, friends, pleasure, fame, science, literature. Nay ! he does do it so often !

Once I knew a man. He was not very religious perhaps, but he was estimable, very respectable, and a member of a Christian congregation. But with a little success he had, he grew eager for money, and the more he got, the more passionately he strove for a fortune. All the earnestness of his nature ran to money-making. Little by little, he lost all feeling for anything else, for his decent appearance, for the good opinion of his neighbors, for honor, for honesty, and for God. Indeed at last, all he knew of God was the strength of his name, as a word to swear by.

I have known a mother lose sight of God, from her way of looking at her son. All her anxiety was towards him. But it was not for his goodness that it might be perfected, but for his wishes that he might have them satisfied with pleasure, wealth and honor. All her earnestness flowed along with her son's worldly wishes : and so she became a worldly woman through that motherly love, by which she ought to have grown to be something so very different. She continued to pray at the time she had been used to : but with the slow turn of her soul, at last her face was towards Mammon as she prayed, and not towards God. And she did but recede further away from him, the more she prayed.

And a man may become so absorbed in literature or science, as to be dead to all other spiritual objects. He may have such a feeling of the wonderfulness of science as not to feel at all the loathsomeness of sin. And a student may learn from geology how era after era helped to round the earth into form, and clothe it with its present look : and he may think so exclusively of the way the world was made, as never to remember its Maker at all, except as a mere blind force at its centre.

The fields of nature ! why, they were spread by the God of nature ! Yes, but a man may walk with his eyes on the ground, and so never see God Most High. In nature, a man's wonder may be all for the laws, and none for the law-maker. Is not it so ? Have there not been chemists who have had such an exclusive feeling of his laws, as to have had none of God himself ? And have not there been botanists, with whom prayer has grown feeble, and thoughts of God have grown few and poor, because of their being so earnest about trees and plants ? But indeed, there is no object a man looks at earnestly, but may grow on his vision, and widen and spread before his soul, so as to hide everything beyond itself, and even obscure God.

Indeed, we know this of ourselves. For cannot we understand it from the occasional clouds that come between our own souls and God : and from the manner, in which often our own hold of God gets weakened ? Has it not so happened, that we have been so wishful for some object, as that sincerely we could not say, "If God will" ? Have we never known what it was, to be so earnest for to-morrow, as that our hearts were so narrowed and straightened that we had no feeling of the Eternal ? Nay, often and often have we not been so intent on some plan of ours, as that feel God we did not and could not, neither in love, nor fear, nor reverence ? And sometimes have not we been horrified at hearing what a hollow word God sounded in our unbelieving ears ? And have we never — not for an hour — been without God in the world, — never had to cry, "Whither art thou withdrawn, O my God ? Or down what mystic depths, not of this earth, has

my soul slid away, that I am without thee, without any feeling of thee, my God, God"! Have not there been seasons, when pray we could not; could not pray prayers, but only words, words?

Then we too have known what it was to want other things so much as to feel no want of God. Then we also have known the first strangest step of that way, that leads a man to be without God in the world. Then we have known what it is to have our souls drawn backward after their own wishes, even while looking right in the direction of God to pray.

I am speaking of worldliness as opposed to godliness; and of what is hardly called sin; though really it is worse and more hopeless than some passions that the prison and public reprobation wait for. Worldliness is sin, and is very sinful, though it is of another nature than revenge as it clutches its victim; or than cunning as it comes by its dishonest money; or than passion as it thrills the nerves with unholy pleasure; or than blasphemy speaking words of hell; or than ambition, by which a man tramples on others like stones, — stepping-stones, — to his own higher station; or than idleness, weakening right rule in the mind, and letting it lie open to chance and evil thoughts, — thoughts that are foolish first, and then envious, covetous, and vile. Not of these things am I speaking now, but of how the soul may be drawn into worldliness through almost any one of the many proper objects she has to do with in this world.

A man may be innocent in the eye of the law, and guiltless towards every fellow-creature; and yet towards God be guilty, guilty altogether. For is it not guilt, the very greatest, to be of God's creating, and yet be the world's creature?

A man may have all his thought and feeling drawn towards things about him, and so his soul be without any awe of what is above him, or far away beyond him. He may be careful that his business shall prosper, and his home be well found in comforts; and his friends be duly visited and entertained; he may have his daily habits, his newspaper and his book. And in these things he may find himself satisfied, quite. A hundred plans and cares he may have, some for the morrow,

some for the round of the week, some for the spring, some for summer, and some for winter. And these may draw to themselves all his thought, effort, and anxiety. May, did I say? While indeed so often with many a man they do.

And there is on his soul no solemnity from the heavens he lives under; no awe from the death he is journeying towards; no feeling of fear or hope or love as regards the God he knows of.

He lives honestly, but not for God, only for safety. He lives orderly, but not for God, only for good taste. He lives with kind feelings for his friends and neighbors and casual beggars, but not for the sake of God, only for the sake of the pleasure there is in beneficence.

Business, pleasure, friendship, respectability are what a man can live to wholly. Wholly, but not for ever, nor for long!

What dish is in season now? what is best to drink? what style is fashionable now? what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed? what is the weather going to be? how are prices? what are the prospects of the harvest? who is the likeliest candidate for the presidency? when will the next concert be? Are there not persons — a few — many, even multitudes, for whom these are the controlling questions of their lives? Their heartiest inquiries are after a good bargain. Their highest sincere wish is for an easy living.

Prices, parties, meat and drink, fashion! Hither and thither for this thing and the other. Hark from above all this; what is more real than all this: and what will outlast it all! A voice, not for the ear to delight it, not for covetousness to advise it, not for ambition to stir it, not for pride to flatter it: but a voice for the soul: a voice from on high, — the highest, — "Be still and know that I am God."

God! There is awfulness for us in the world yet! God! We can tremble at him yet! God! We can feel ourselves all helpless with him yet! God! Oh, in his sight, we are but sinful, wretched creatures; and we have yet some feeling of what we must look!

No, no! We have not lost our feeling of God yet! And so Sabbath by Sabbath, and day by day, against prayer, and now and then some other quiet times, we will listen for it, and we will mind it. The voice that calls to us, inaudible yet so persuasive, a voice from out of the infinite, and that indeed is the infinite, — beseeching, warning, commanding, "Be still and know that I am God."

This voice, — we will hear it through the hours of the Sabbath, — a voice crying between Saturday and Monday to warn and to sanctify us creatures of time and the world. This thought that is like speech in the heart sometimes, — it is so distinct; and that is certainly the Holy Spirit, — it is so unworldly and solemn; oh! on its holy prompting often we will worship with an earnestness that is of other than set times of prayer. For self-control and meditation and prayer, on the Sabbath always, and of an evening often, and at other sudden times, we will listen to it — the holy, heavenly admonition, "Be still and know that I am God."

"It is observable that if merchants venture a great, or most part of their estates at sea, where there may be hazard in the voyage, they will run speedily to insure a great part of their commodities; and thus should all of us do. This body of ours is the ship; the merchandise and freight in this ship is no less than our most precious soul; glory celestial is the port whereat she would arrive, but many dangers there are in the way, storms and tempests of temptation are on every side; she may chance to run upon the rocks of presumption, or sink into the quicksands of despair. What then is to be done? By all means go to the insuring office; let us run to the testimony of Christ's Spirit in our own spirits, by the Word to evidence, and make it out clear unto us, that the ship shall be safe, the commodity brought secure to the haven, that ship, body and soul and all, shall anchor safely in Heaven, there to rest with Christ in glory forevermore." — *John Spencer*.

THE MONTH.

REMOVAL OF THE OFFICE OF THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

The readers of the Magazine will be glad to know that they will not be obliged any more, when they have occasion to visit the office of the proprietor, to climb up several (we dare not say how many) flights of stairs. They have only to pass upon the same level as the sidewalk to the rear of a very attractive bookstore, 13 Beacon Street (near Tremont), H. H. & T. W. Carter being its occupants. They will in this way not only reach more easily our friend Mr. Bowles, but will be able to supply themselves with fresh books, and with everything which one needs in the way of writing material, pens, ink (for which, we believe, the Carters are famous), and paper. The situation is very central and in every way attractive; and we hope that this "No. 13" is destined to become an institution. May we add, as we are writing at our publisher's desk, and as charity begins at home, that it would be a charity to him for the Messrs. Carter to see that he and his friends have a decent pen to write withal. Had his pen been anything but execrable, this story would have been longer.

— AT WORK AGAIN. — Gradually the churches are taking up their tasks. The contribution-box begins to circulate. The familiar beneficiaries again make their appearances. One after another, a teacher drops into the accustomed seat at the Sunday-school. We hear of this and the other raid upon a congregation, to carry off a favorite singer: one of our largest and strongest societies was so crippled in this way, that nothing seemed left, for the time at least, but a resort to congregational singing. Ministers too have seen reason to go from one pulpit to another, moving one sometimes to put very anxiously the question, "What is to become of the smallest and weakest societies? Happily, the faces of young men seem to be more and more turned towards the Divinity

Schools : may they be refreshed with the true light ! The Cambridge Theological School has not, we think, been so frequented since it was opened as it is this year.

— CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS. — The Board of Overseers of the Poor for this city is more thoroughly and efficiently organized than ever before, and have put out a book which will be of great service to those who are trying to relieve poverty. The Central Bureau will aid our attempts to introduce more method into this unceasing work. How many of our readers know anything about the Pemberton Fund, the Boylston Fund, or the Sears Fund ? Let a word be added upon the JEWISH POOR : —

“ The Jewish method of distributing relief to the poor in England is worthy of consideration by Christian legislators. The Jewish guardians prevent the breaking-up of families, wisely reckoning that a widow and children cost the parish more than any other paupers. There are no Jewish beggars in the towns, and no Jewish vagrants along the highways. The Jewish guardians are assisted by a band of gratuitous visitors. The board make a strict investigation into the merit of every case that comes before them, and keep a comprehensive record, supported by their visitors. The relief to the deserving is ample. Loans are granted to those who want to open a little trade. The medical relief is complete ; and in regard to medicines and diet from the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's Jewish kitchen, perfect. There are poor Jewish families that have been rescued from permanent pauperism at an outlay of fifty pounds ; and their guardians, who are reputed to know the value of money and the strength of providence, have made this investment for their community as the most saving course in regard to their families. The Jewish guardians insist on education as a condition of assistance in all their doings, wisely looking forward to the time when their *proteges* will be clear of the need for help. And brilliant success crowns their work, which is done beside the Christian guardianship that throws open the stone-yard and the work-house, and calls a few loaves of bread and a few shillings re-

lief to a man on a sick-bed, surrounded with a family of half a dozen children !

The Jewish plan is modeled upon that of the *Assistance Publique*, at Paris, in which crowds of ladies and gentlemen, who receive no salaries, devote their time to the service of the poor. They are up at work on winter mornings at seven o'clock. They submit to strict rules for the general good, and they are as strictly required to give in their monthly reports as if they were paid members of the bureau ; and they submit to this discipline because there is at the back of every lady and gentleman who enters a poor man's house a well-organized administration, that has provided in a sensible manner, and with proper guaranties against fraud, for every possible form of distress. The visitor does not leave upon the table a tract, a soup ticket, and a bit of tea, but she recommends the distress before her to the official of the bureau to which she belongs. If the distress be real and deserve relief, it has nothing to fear from the examination to which it will be subjected. If it is the story of a hypocrite, or the falsehood of the idler or the drunkard, it will be treated as it deserves. The visitor carries sympathy and interest into the homes of the poor, who receive their visits gladly, because they prelude the relief which is required."

— FATHER HYACINTHE. — Very encouraging are the reports that have come to us during the month of the bearing of large numbers of Roman Catholics towards the great Council. It has been well said that in the *Syllabus* for this Assembly the Pope arrays himself against everything which in the last fifty years has been known as progress, — everything good and bad. The Roman Church is very strong, but not strong enough to carry on a warfare with the good as well as with the evil in man. Everywhere it is seen that Christianity must make haste and get disengaged from the instrumentalities and accompaniments which have ceased to be significant and helpful, and are only hinderances. Five Protestant Episcopal bishops here in America, so it is said, are ready to secede and form a Low Church Organization ; and "Broad Church "

begins to find voice even with us. We set down a few striking sentences from the Father's letter.

"The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in three hundred years, an Œcumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared *necessary*: such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the least of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare*. The saints were never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I belong to their race, *fili sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher, against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which, in their encroachments, always most audacious and most baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and towards whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against this more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is, without doubt, not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practiced."

— REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK. — Rev. Dr. Tyng wisely concludes that this is not the time to attempt it; and the "Christian Witness" remarks, upon his conclusion, that, like Bishop Lee's second letter, it must be accepted as an indication of the progress of what we are obliged to call the revolutionary sentiment among Evangelical men. We give a few paragraphs from his letter.

To the Reverends W. A. Muhlenburg, J. Cotton Smith, Richard Newton, L. W. Bancroft, H. Dyer, G. E. Thrall, Committee on Revision, etc.: —

MY DEAR BRETHREN, — The great and important subject referred to our consideration has been much before me. But, in the passage of the months in which it has been intrusted to our hands, events have accumulated and matured, with far greater rapidity than our thoughts. We — I mean the representatives of evangelical principles and purposes — are now occupying far different relations from those under the influence of which the subject of a Revision of the Book of Common Prayer was first committed to us. And, in the light of new dispensations in the providence of God, new views of obligation and of expediency press themselves upon our notice. Under the influence of this change in our relative position, I shall attempt to give you my own convictions, upon the subject which is presented for our united consideration.

Revision, as we may technically call this subject now, presents itself to us under two different and dissonant aspects.

First. Limited to the least alteration of existing forms and expressions which can be made satisfactory to those for whom we act.

Second. Planned upon some scheme of new construction which would be most desirable to all could we attain it.

In the *first*, I am convinced that no change even of words, or of permission to omit words objected to in use, can ever be obtained from any action of our General Convention. The preparation of such a book would be an idle and useless expense, resulting in no practical benefit. And the actual use of it, by any minister, would involve all the consequences and penalties which the similar use of any other book would en-

tail. For possible resulting changes in our position, of a radical and complete character, the preparation of such a book would be a serious obstacle, instead of an aid. And whether we consider our abiding in the Church as now constituted, or our emerging from it in a new organization, we should gain nothing, and would lose much of advantage, and of expenditure, by the preparation of such a book. It would actually satisfy none. It would be objectionable to most. It would facilitate no subsequent movement. It would be an impediment in the way of resulting movements, which may become obligatory, and for the accomplishment of which we should hold ourselves free.

— BROAD CHURCH IN ENGLAND.—MR. VOYSEY'S FRIENDS.

—Our readers will remember a notice inserted by us some time ago of a "*Voysey Defense Fund*." Public attention is now being directed to this.

The following is an extract from the "Daily Telegraph:"

"If the Rev. Charles Voysey should be adjudged guilty of heresy in the trial to which he is to be subjected at the instance of the Archbishop of York, it will not be for want of such aid as can be given by rank and clerical influence. Dean Stanley has boldly come forward to shield Mr. Voysey; and he is now joined by such divines as Professor Jowett; the Rev. G. Wheelwright, Vicar of Crowhurst; the Rev. Thomas P. Kirkman, Rector of Croft; and the Rev. J. D. La Touche, Vicar of Stokesay. Scotland sends a clerical ally in the person of the Rev. Lewis Campbell, Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's. Science is represented by the eminent name of Sir Charles Lyell; nobility, by the names of Lord Amberley and Lord Adare."

"In coming forward to furnish Mr. Voysey with the means of defense," concludes our contemporary, "Dean Stanley and Sir Charles Lyell simply intimate that they wish to see the most complete and authoritative legal answer given to the momentous question, 'What limits does the Church of England impose upon her clergy when they claim to debate the rightful interpretation of Scripture?'" — *Record*.

—PUBLIC WORSHIP ON THE LORD'S DAY AT HARVARD.

—The half-day method has been sanctioned by the authorities, and it is proposed to substitute voluntary attendance upon a Bible class, or some informal religious instruction, for the second service. The change at home has brought as its inevitable supplement a change in the arrangements of the college. What wouldn't have been thought of thirty years ago, when we heard R. W. Emerson preach of an afternoon in the Chapel of University, has come almost of course. How, in the circumstances, could it have been otherwise? Parents stay at home, and send their children to church, and the college government require a double Sunday attendance: such a thing cannot last. You feel that as you see the little folk almost lost in the large family pew, with possibly the surveillance of some faithful aunt, who formed her habit of church attendance early in the century. And for ourselves, whenever it has been our fortune to preach to the students at Cambridge, in the afternoon, the thing we most wanted to say, by way of preface, was just this: "If any of the young gentlemen wish to go home, will they be so good as to do so now." How many would have staid, and how many of them only out of gratitude for the offer to be allowed to go?

—ADDITIONS TO THE BOSTON MINISTRY.—The Boston ministry has been, and is to be, greatly re-enforced this autumn. We note with special gratitude the coming of Rev. Phillips Brooks, one of the most earnest and most gifted of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Brooks is not a man to raise the flag of a denomination, or to press the claims of a sect. He stands for Christianity, and that broadly and practically interpreted. We hope that we shall not do him any harm when we say that Liberal Christianity, so far as that phrase represents anything valuable, may well rejoice in his coming: he will aid in the great problem of the day, which is to show men how they can be Christians without flying in the face of proven facts, or abjuring the use of reason. He will do a strong man's part of the great Christian work of our time, in helping the Christians of Boston to carry, to those

who will not come for it, a gospel which will win them as it won the multitudes of Corinth and Antioch. What man of marked power can be found any longer who emphasizes the peculiar views of the denomination into which it was his lot to be born, who is known as a pronounced Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Trinitarian? We begin to understand that the whole is greater than any one of the parts.

— A RETURN TO SANITY. — Mr. Ffoulkes, who some time ago left the Church of England for the Church of Rome, seems, if we may judge from the following paragraph, to be coming to his right mind upon ecclesiastical matters.

“Taking this principle for my guide, I have been engaged constantly, since I joined the Roman Communion, in instituting comparisons between members of the Church of England, and members of the Church of Rome generally, and between our former and our present selves in particular; or between Christianity in England and on the Continent: and the result in each case has been to confirm me in the belief, which I have expressed already, that the notion of the sacraments exercising any greater influence upon the heart and life in the Church of Rome than in the Church of England, admitting the dispositions of those who frequent them to be the same in both cases, is not merely preposterous, but as contrary both to the faith and fact, as is the opinion that the Pope is Antichrist, and the Man of Sin. My Lord, there is no person, in his sober senses, who could affirm that you, for instance, began to be a devout, earnest, intelligent follower of Christ, an admirable master of the inner and hidden life, a glorious example of self-sacrifice, a deep expounder of revealed mysteries and gospel truths, when you embraced the Roman Communion; or that all those graces which you exhibited previously in the sight of men, could be deduced from the one rite which you received unconsciously as a child, counteracted by all the bad and unwholesome food on which, according to this hypothesis, you must have lived ever afterwards. In the same way, there is no ordinary person, in his sober senses, who could affect to discover any fundamental change

for the better in you, morally and religiously, now, from what you were then. There are some on the contrary, to my knowledge, of your existing flock, who profess that they have not half the liking for the sermons which they hear you deliver, as Archbishop of Westminster, that they have for the dear old volumes which you published as Archdeacon of Chichester, as fresh and full of fragrance to their instincts as ever. And I have heard the same said of another, whose parochial sermons, hailed as a masterpiece on their first appearance, have just burst forth into a second spring. People say that sermons which *ci-devant* Anglican clergymen of note preached formerly read so much more natural than any that they have since delivered from Roman-Catholic pulpits.

— LECTURES FOR THE WINTER have already commenced. Public discussion is one of the new features of the institution of popular lectures for the present season, — not an improvement, — we think. Careful study of vexed questions at home is much more conducive to edification. What has Horace Greeley to say upon the Protective System which is not printed in the "Tribune"? Along with the great good that has come of Lecturing, and besides the indirect advantages of keeping many persons out of the street, and providing the poor souls that are cast upon the boarding-house with a pleasant resort for an hour, there has come in also an abundance of sensationalism. We were glad to find that the Shakers would not appear. Knowing nothing of the merits of the case between Mr. Evans and Mr. Redpath, we are thankful for this practical issue. Mr. Evans does not strike one as very wise, or as likely to add much to the solution of the problems of our day. He reminds us of the man, who, noticing that the field-mice expended their energies upon the outside rows of corn, proposed not to have any outside rows. Whilst we are writing of lecturing, is there any harm in asking why it was necessary for a young lady to choose Mormonism and topics akin to it as the subject of a lecture? One would say that only dire necessity and most culpable silence of those who are bound to speak could have driven a woman

to the platform with such a topic. Are we to return to the old Elizabethan freedom of speech? Yes, if what we have called delicacy is only prudery, and if what we have called refinement is over-nicety; but we are not persuaded that we have been all wrong in this thing. There are better ways than that selected by Miss Dickinson for getting the Mormon horror exposed and on the way to be suppressed.

It would go far to reconcile the ultra conservative to the female lecturer, could she only be willing to be advertised with an unabbreviated name, — say “Miss Catherine,” instead of “Miss Kate,” — though perhaps the difficulty goes back to the christening. Where the name is not absolutely and irrevocably settled as Hattie, or Jennie, or Minnie, or Lottie, let it be Hattie and Jennie at the breakfast-table, and Harriet and Jane when they stand up to be married, or are announced to make orations.

PRAYER BY DR. WATTS.

HOLY FATHER! how can such weak creatures ever take in so strange, so difficult, so abstruse a doctrine as this? [the Trinity.] And can this strange and perplexing notion of three real persons, going to make up one true God, be so necessary and so important a part of that Christian doctrine, which, in the Old Testament and the New, is represented as so plain and so easy, even to the meanest understanding!

THAT CHRISTIANITY is the most “liberal” from which exhales most abundantly the fragrance of the gospel, producing the most complete self-abnegation for the good of the neighbor and the warmest charities of the heart, and the quickest appreciation of what is good and true in the lives and creeds of others. If one misses of this spirit, however liberal his talk and his theories, he is a bigot; if one has it, whatever his theories, he is a “liberal Christian.”

RANDOM READINGS.

HENRY JAMES AND SWEDENBORG.

WE commend to careful perusal our friend's letter on another page, as also his recent work, "The Secret of Swedenborg," briefly noticed in our last number. We by no means intended to be understood that Mr. James is really a pantheist. But the Natural Divine Humanity, as explicated in the pages of Mr. James, strikes us sometimes as quite different from the *Divinum Humanum* formulated by Swedenborg, though we will not say that a second reading may not reveal to us their essential identity.

The deification of nature is not the only form of pantheism. It is the deification of humanity as well. Hegel, no more than Mr. James, believed that nature — understanding by nature all visible phenomena — has any being in itself. It only appears to be. The finite is docetic and illusive, says Hegel; but both man and nature in the inmost essence, out of which they appear, are identical with the infinite, and so God is the only substance in the universe. Death is the return tide of this one divine substance, which ever ebbs and flows. This would not be pantheism, if it were not that the Infinite has no consciousness except as it finites itself in man. Hegel, too, and Schelling with him, assert the Divine Humanity revealed in Christ; but they only assert it in the interest of their dogma that all humanity is divine in its interior essence; that the race in its solidarity is the form of the Godhead whereof Christ is only a single and conspicuous example.

Now we infer that this is not Mr. James's view. We infer it because we read Swedenborg, and read everything that Mr. James writes, and can turn back and reconcile him with himself, and generally with Swedenborg as well. But a reader who should not do this might read Mr. James, page after page, and think he was getting something very much like Hegelian philosophy. We will cite a few sentences: —

"By the spiritual or living sense of revelation, Swedenborg means the truth of God's NATURAL humanity; so that all our natural prepossessions, in regard to space and time and person, confess themselves purely rudimental and educative the moment we come to

acknowledge *in nature and man an infinite divine substance.*" *Secret of Swedenborg*, p. 19.

And here is a sentence of incomparable pith and beauty, but which nine-tenths of Mr. James's readers, not Swedenborgian, we doubt not, would translate into admirable Hegelianism.

"According to Swedenborg, the birth, the life, the death, the resurrection of Christ were so remote from supernatural contingencies, as to confess themselves the consummate flowering of the creative energy in *universal* nature, that is the universe of the human mind embracing heaven and hell quite equally. No doubt the flower is a very marked phenomenon to the senses, filling the atmosphere with its glory and fragrance. But its total interest to the rational mind turns upon those hidden affinities which, by means of its aspiring stem and its groveling roots, connect it at once with all that is loftiest and all that is lowliest in universal nature, and so turn the flower itself into a sensuous sign merely, or a modest emblem of a secret, most holy marriage, which is forever transacting in unseen depths of being, between the generic, universal, or merely animate substances of the mind, and its specific, unitary, or human form. So with the incarnation. The literal facts have no significance to the spiritual understanding, save as a natural ultimate and revelation of the true principles of creative order, the order that binds the universe of existence to its source. — P. 20.

Again, on page 21: —

"Where people whose understanding is still controlled by sense see nature absolute or unqualified by spirit, Swedenborg, professing to be spiritually enlightened, does not see nature at all, but only the Lord, or God-man, carnally hidden indeed, degraded, humiliated, crucified under all manner of devout pride and self-seeking, but, at the same time, spiritually exalted or glorified by a love untainted by selfishness, and a wisdom undimmed by prudence."

Again, on page 28: —

"It is a necessary implication, then, of the truth of the Divine Natural Humanity, that, while the Creator gives invisible spiritual being to the creature, *the creature, in his turn, gives natural form — gives visible existence — to the Creator*; or, more briefly, while the Creator gives reality to the creature, the creature gives phenomenal-ity to the Creator. In other words still, we may say, that, while the Creator supplies the essential or properly creative element in creation, the creature supplies its existential or properly constitutive element, — that element of hold-back or resistance, without which

it could never put on manifestation. Nature is the attestation of this ceaseless give-and-take between Creator and creature ; the nuptial ring that confirms and consecrates the deathless espousals of infinite and finite. In spite, therefore, of its fertile and domineering actuality to sense, it is as void of all reality to reason as the shadow of one's person in a glass."

Most persons, we think, would infer from these extracts, and much more that Mr. James writes, that the Divine Natural Humanity, according to Swedenborg, was the human race in its totality ; that that is the substance of which this is the form ; that the reality which this only makes phenomenal. True, he insists that the creature is so projected from the Creator as to have personal identity and self-hood ; but this self-hood is negative, not positive, and has no reality except as impleted with the Divine Substance. And though on pages 36-40, Mr. James escapes out of this seeming pantheism, we do not think he makes the way of escape obvious to his reader. And, a while since, a popular speaker, who is regarded by his friends as one of the shining lights of the modern age, coming fresh from Mr. James's pages, announced to his audience that the system of Swedenborg was "unmitigated pantheism," and we have no doubt he spoke his honest opinion.

Now Swedenborg, as we read him, never teaches that God, in his essence and substance, is immanent in our finite humanity. On the other hand, he makes that a most infernal falsity, being nothing less than the deification of the creature, and shoving the Creator from his rightful place. He teaches that man is projected from the Creator, and endowed with self-hood ; the inverse image of God, as Mr. James constantly and admirably shows. But, being thus projected, he is re-created by impletion, not of the Divine Substance, BUT BY INFLUX FROM IT, which makes him, not the obverse, but the direct, image of the creator. This distinction between influx and essential in-dwelling, must be familiar to Mr. James ; but he overlooks it, or does not make it prominent in his explications.

This influx of the divine light and love received and acknowledged by the creature, and given forth again, but not appropriated as his private possession, turns men into angels on their ascending way, washing them white along its road, making the heavens resplendent with the Creator's glories. This influx received and appropriated as man's own, and not given forth again as the divine love and bounty, but turned into self-love, constitutes hell with its ranges of infernal fire. This distinction between the Divine Essence

and influx is always present, we suppose, in Mr. James's thought ; but it is not prominent in his statement, and so we said that he "shaved the borders of pantheism," though, as we might have said, perhaps in appearance only.

Annihilationism, as describing a specific form of belief among many who bear the Christian name, means the final extinction of the hells, because the incorrigibly wicked cease from conscious and personal being, through the destructive power of moral evil. Some embrace this doctrine as the only alternative from either Universalism or endless suffering : for the former of which they find no sufficient evidence ; while they regard the latter as revolting to humanity, and inconsistent with the divine mercy. The passage where this final extinction seems asserted by Mr. James occurs on page 99 of his late work.

"The Christian hells, regarded as antagonizing the heavens, will thenceforth be "shut up," as Swedenborg describes the fate of the antediluvian hells, by ministering no farther to scientific human use. Use is the only oxygen that ever kindled their lurid glow ; and, this being taken away, they must, of sheer necessity, *collapse, become extinct, die out, just as a fire dies out deprived of vent.*"

As to fatalism, Mr. James has done no more, as we apprehend, than reproduce Swedenborg. But how the latter can be understood as teaching anything short of it, we have never been able to see. True, he insists upon man's freedom, and says it is tenderly guarded by the Divine Providence. But he makes it a *quasi* freedom, an appearance only, produced perpetually in the consciousness in the interest of morality. He denies that this consciousness is any authentication of the absolute verity of things. In his chapters on Equilibrium, he makes the hells a necessity of the universe in order that men on earth may be poised between good and evil. Yet choice is no self-determination, but the down-come of one side of the balance under the strongest motive intrinsically addressed. This Mr. James sets forth almost everywhere, but in his masterly way in his treatise on the Nature of Evil, pp. 271-3.

"Sensuously viewed, viewed by the light of the natural understanding, I appear full of life and power, and do not hesitate to ascribe all sorts of respectability to myself. But viewed spiritually, viewed by the light of the Divine Judgment, this appearance turns out a sheer delusion. God knows that the power I seem to possess in myself is a sheer fallacy so far as that seeming is concerned ; that it comes from himself exclusively, at every moment," etc. "He

knows that it is never a man's own power that inclines him to evil, but invariably the power of evil spirits, or hell, and that, so far therefore from the man himself becoming personally an object of divine abhorrence, he becomes an object only of the tenderest divine compassion."

This is some better than Calvin's decrees; only it would seem that those unfortunate people who have gone to hell, to keep up the balance of the universe on the evil side, ought, for the degrading work they have had to do, to earn their final release, and get to heaven at last, — a consummation which Swedenborg inexorably denies.

We have no quarrel with fatalism under guards and qualifications. Speculatively we believe it, while practically ignoring it. We read Jonathan Edwards thirty years ago, and the giant grasp he laid upon the intellect we have never been able entirely to unloose. As Swedenborg puts it, we see no immoral tendency in fatalism; for the sense of moral responsibility, provisional though it be, I know, without Swedenborg's telling, will be hourly generated within me, and, if I fall into sinful ways, will storm through me with all the horrors of remorse and the pains of hell; and that is a prevailing motive in making the balance dip down on the side of righteousness.

We take occasion to say, that we are under great personal obligations to Mr. James for releasing Swedenborg from close keeping, and showing the vast human breadth, and the profound reach of his philosophy, rendered nowhere as in Mr. James's interpretations. It is a privilege to turn to such writings from the shallow literature of the day, and especially from the alternate collapse and blowing-up of bladders that goes by the name of Rationalism. And though we by no means believe that Swedenborg is the last gift of God to man, and think he has written much which the best intelligence of the age will leave behind, yet we are persuaded he has settled many of the great questions with which the religious world is now vexing itself; and, so far forth as these questions have to do, that Mr. James hardly puts it too strong, when he says, "His majestic voice will one day silence the wrangling of the sects, as the crash of heaven's thunder silences the tumult of a dove-cote and a rookery."

THE YANKEE SPY.

POLLARD'S "Life of Jefferson Davis," giving the secret history of the confederacy, and an inside view of Richmond and of the rebel cabinet and congress during the war, with all its pretension and

gasconade, is a very readable, and, in some chapters, a very amusing, book. Mr. Pollard tells the following curious story, and seems to vouch for the truth of it. It would be interesting to know who the Yankee could be that played so skillfully on the credulity and vanity of the dignitaries at Richmond, and whether he is yet alive.

"About the close of the year 1864, a stranger appeared in Richmond, of elegant dress and manners, speaking both English and Italian, and whose dark and peculiar features supported the statements that he was a native of Italy. He made himself exceedingly agreeable to the company at the Exchange Hotel, although practicing something of the reserve of the nobleman; and he was observed with not a little curiosity, until gossip settled on the discovery that he had been seen to visit the State Department, and that therefore, considering too his *distingue* appearance, he must be charged with a "mission" of importance. Dining one day at the hotel, he took advantage of a casual remark to draw into conversation Mr. Boteler, a member of Congress from Virginia, a gentleman who was supposed to have a great taste for learning. The latter had observed the sound escaping from a gas jet over the table. The conversation turned upon the possibility of producing musical notes from such a source; chemistry, acoustics, and other branches of science, were discussed, greatly to Mr. Boteler's relish; and at last the Italian gracefully insisted that the Congressman should accompany him to his room to witness some scientific experiments in which he was then engaged. The experiments were shown; Mr. Boteler saw at once that their adjustments were those of a scientific man; and for hours he roamed with his strange acquaintance over the fields of science, literature, and art, wondering at his various accomplishments, and fascinated by the charm of his manners. As Mr. Boteler rose to depart, the stranger said, with the air of communicating an important confidence, 'I have something to say to you. The pleasure I have experienced in your company, and the position I know you occupy in your government, encourage me to make a communication that will interest you. I have a mission to Richmond, and I have already partially discharged it, and am now only waiting on your government for a sum of money that is necessary. I belong to the society of *Carbonari*. It sympathizes with the Southern Confederacy, and it is the only power in Europe that can compel its recognition; for Napoleon III. is secretly a member of this society, and dares not disobey its mandates. More than this,'—and his brow darkened,—'I hold in my hand the life of Abraham Lincoln:

the victim whom the *Carbonari* designate cannot elude them.' What impression this important and terrible disclosure made upon Mr. Boteler is not known ; but he has never denied that he believed what the man told him. He even went to the extent of appointing a day to accompany the strange diplomat to the State Department, and actually engaged to add his influence to the impressions which the latter already reported he had made upon Secretary Benjamin, but to what extent of aiding the mission he did not mention. The day came : Mr. Boteler attended at the hotel. This Italian was not to be found : he had left the hotel hurriedly that morning. Suspicions were aroused at the State Department. Pursuit was ordered on all the roads leading out from Richmond, and, fortunately, the man, disguised as a pedler, was overtaken and arrested a few miles from the city. He resisted the officers stoutly and with great insolence ; for some time the search to which he was subjected revealed nothing contraband or suspicious ; he was about to be dismissed with apologies, when one of the officers, examining his boots, discovered that the heels might be screwed off, and found, snugly ensconced within, several sheets of tissue paper inscribed with plans of all the fortifications of Richmond, and with a correspondence giving all the details of defences. The man was carried back to Richmond as a spy. But he was never tried, never punished, and we do not know what became of him, — the government being unwilling to give publicity to the incident, and anxious to hush up an affair in which its credulity had been so ridiculously practiced upon by an adventurer, who, at best, was nothing more than a charlatan."

A GEM OUT OF LANGE'S COMMENTARY.

SAINT PAUL.

CHRIST ! I am Christ's ! and let the name suffice you :

Ay ! for me, too, he greatly hath sufficed.

Lo ! with no winning words I would entice you :

Paul has no future and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister and of daughter ;

Yes, without stay of father and of son, —

Lone on the land, and houseless on the water, —

Pass I in patience till the work is done.

Yet not in solitude, if Christ anear me
 Waketh him workers for the great employ ;
 Oh ! not in solitude if souls that hear me
 Catch, from my joyance, the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,
 Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod :
 Lo ! every heart awaiteth me, another
 Friend in the blameless family of God.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
 He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed :
 Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning ;
 Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

SEVERAL THINGS.

BYRON'S WORKS are having a wider sale than ever, being thoroughly advertised by Mrs. Stowe's article, and thousands are reading him who never read him before.

THE CREED OF PANTHEISM has been elegantly set to music by somebody, in the following stanza :—

God is : without him, man is not.
 Man is : without him, God is dead.
 Each by the other is begot,
 The God-sea by the Man-stream fed.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY. A single church in the City of New York raised last year, for benevolent purposes, \$132,000. There were thirteen Orthodox churches that raised over \$10,000 each, for like objects, most of them in the State of New York.

"OF TEN INFANTS," says Tissot, "destined for different vocations of life, I should prefer that the one who is to study through life should be the least learned at the age of twelve.

"O, THAT MINE ENEMY had written a book !" said Job. "What do you suppose Job wanted his enemy to write a book for ?" a pupil was said to have asked her teacher, who had something of a literary turn. "Why, my dear, Job wanted to review it, of course, and cut it up."

PROFESSOR FOLSOM'S TRANSLATION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS, though modernized to excess, has advantages over all others that we have seen, in bringing out more distinctly the exact shades of the Greek original, — *c. g.*, Luke xxxiii 27. "There followed him a great multitude of people and of women who were *smiting themselves* and lamenting." But we cannot give up the old version of Matt. x. 16, — a passage which has always sounded in our ear, both for the words and the sentiment, as the most perfectly musical of English prose, — "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." With all the deference we have for Professor Folsom's scholarship, we do not see the critical reasons for rendering ἀσέλωτοι "unsoiled," and we stick to the old word as descriptive of the disposition of the dove rather than its plumage.

THE FOLLOWING POEM was written by a boy under fourteen years of age, nearly a hundred years ago. Can the boys do any better now?

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow,
And led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretching out his golden wing
And mocks my loss of liberty.

This boy came home one evening from an errand and declared he saw a tree full of fairies, when his father whipped him for telling a lie. But he saw fairies all his life, nevertheless, and sung and painted from one of the sweetest imaginations that ever burned. It was William Blake.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Army Life in a Black Regiment, by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Fields, Osgood & Co. Col. Higginson is not less skillful as a writer than a soldier, and he here tells the story of his black regiment with an unction which shows that his heart is in it. The story is of a twofold interest. It gives us the first experiment made with the colored troops at a time of general distrust and amid the vascilation of the government, when their officers fought "with ropes about their necks," under threats of summary execution if captured. It is a story of heroism, and enthusiastic devotion to a great cause, that quickens the blood in one's veins. But it has a farther interest in showing the capacities of the negro and his claims to the nobility of manhood. Col. Higginson undoubtedly brought out the best traits of his character; for they, his soldiers, were devoted to him with a love unreserved as that of childhood. But their courage, their faithfulness, their religious temperament, their freedom from the usual vices of the camp, their alternate mirthfulness and plaintive tunefulness, their instinctive sagacity, with all the ludicrous side of their life and character, are here delightfully set forth, and their story unfolds one of the most interesting chapters of the war, and opens an auspicious view of the future of the negro race. s.

Manual of the German Language, by W. GRAUERT, is designed for beginners in the study of German, and offers, within a small compass, carefully selected and practically available material for that purpose. The selections and arrangement are excellent, and the book has the valuable addition of a vocabulary, both English-German and German-English, of all the words occurring in the manual. We see only one defect. There is no such classification of the declensions of nouns (the first puzzle in the study of German), such as beginners will require. New York. E. Steiger. s.

Dr. Lange's Commentary, critical, doctrinal and homiletical, translated from the German by Dr. Hurst, is the most elaborate, learned and exhausted of any preceeding commentary on the New Testament. We have now just issued Paul's Epistle to the Roman's, the most difficult of any portion of the New Testament, except the

Apocalypse, and the most prolific of controversy in the Christian Church. On its interpretation the whole question turns whether the death of Christ was sacrificial or not. Dr. Lange's volume comprehends all that has been written which is worth reading, and we fear something more. It has 450 pages of double columns, closely packed, with an introduction of 50 pages, comprising the life and a general view of the writings of the great apostle. This splendid monument of learning is raised with a love and enthusiasm which beam out through the bristling notes showing a full appreciation of the greatness of the man who, next after Christ, has had his name burned deepest in the annals of the Christian world. The work of the commentator and annotator is preceded by a short poem, by Myers, very beautiful, copied among the Random Readings. s.

Hester Strong; or, the Mystery Solved, is a novel by Mrs. S. A. SOUTHWORTH. Published by Lee & Shephard. It is a good temperance lecture throughout, and shows how much good one woman can do with entire self-devotion to a noble work. Too many people pass over the scene, tending to confuse the reader in trying to distinguish and keep track of them, but the book is written with a high moral aim, and stimulates the reader to good works.

The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists. In the words of the authorized version, having Scripture illustrations, expository notes from the most approved commentators, practical reflections, geographical notices, copious index, etc. Compiled by ROBERT WIMPRISS, author of "The System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction." Two volumes in one. New York: M. W. Dodd, No. 506, Broadway. 1868.

As a book of reference this volume will be found of great value. It is not intended for the student, but rather for popular use and for those who are more careful to be led into the spirit of the Gospels than to criticise the letter. It is full of needful information, and, used discriminatingly, will greatly help the Sunday-school teacher.

If *Too Bright to Last* does not last, it will not be for the cause which the title assigns. So far as any brilliancy is concerned the book might live forever.

Roberts Brothers have issued, in a small volume, a very delightful collection of *The Writings of Madame Swetchine*. Edited by COUNT DE FALLOUX, of the French Academy and translated by H. W. Preston. They will be found very instructive and suggestive.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Some of our friends, confounding the Monthly Journal with the Monthly Religious Magazine, have fallen into the error of concluding that our months would come to an end with the present number. On the contrary, we hope to enter upon our 27th year in January next, with something of the experience which should come with added years, but without any consciousness of the infirmities of age. The Monthly Religious Magazine will be henceforth amongst Magazines, the oldest representative of that spirit not "of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind" which was the inspiration of Buckminster, Channing, and the Wares, and which is now working so mightily in almost every section of the Church. This Magazine will continue to remember that at the best, dogmas are but the transient words of a true theology, that "the Word of God is not bound," and that indeed it is but another name for that Divine Wisdom of which it is written, "She can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new. And in all ages entering in holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets." The contributors upon whose valuable help we have hitherto relied, promise to do more for us than they have ever done before. Mr. Mountford will soon bring to an end and publish in a book, the papers upon miracles which have engaged the attention of Christians of every name and of some who would be Christians if they could, and we are to have from the same writer interesting articles upon "Rome, Modern and Ancient." The Table of Contents for January, soon to be issued, will indicate the promise of the coming year.

EDS.

THE PROPRIETOR has made arrangements with Messrs Crosby & Damrell, Publishers and Dealers in Periodicals, 100 Washington Street, to receive Subscribers and sell the Nos. of this Magazine to Booksellers and News Companies in this City, New York, Chicago, and other places.

The December No. will be sent *free* to any person who may wish to examine it with the intention of becoming a subscriber.